

January

FEATURING
★ DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE
BOLT



VOL. 4 NO. 6



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Well, with this issue we are at the half way mark in our story I FLY FOR VENGEANCE. Do you like it? Do you want more stories like it? The editors think it is pretty swell and darned exciting, but we want to know what YOU think. I guess most of you know that stories for the books have to be planned far in advance, and, believe it or not, at this point we are working on the May issue, so if you want more stories like Lt. Commander Dickinson's, get on the ball and let us hear about it.

There are loads of letters below and one dollar's worth of War Savings Stamps are in the mail right now for the writers. Hope you're all buying those stamps with every spare penny you can get your hands on as Uncle Sam needs your help. So long until next month, Gang. Hope we'll have buckets of letters to publish.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

Dear Editors:

BLUE BOLT COMICS is the best yet. When I read "Ye Editor's Page," most people have criticisms. Well, I see no need for complaint. Who could ask for better stories than Dick Cole, Blue Bolt, Sergeant Spook, Edison Bell and others. And, in my opinion, you have the finest staff of writers of any of the other comic magazines.

I help the war effort by being a block messenger and carrying peoples' groceries, thus saving on transportation. I buy war stamps through the school I attend and our neighborhood grocer. So, if I am fortunate enough to win a dollar, please donate it to the U.S.O. It's a great organization!

Always yours,
Dennis O'Donnell
Chicago, Illinois

We're sending you the dollar, Dennis, so you can donate it to the U.S.O. yourself.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I haven't any favorite story in BLUE BOLT because they are all equally good. There is one suggestion I would like to make. A lot of the girls like comics—but you'll find most girls will like "Fearless Fellers" because there is a girl in the picture. I think you should take out "Old Cap Hawkins" because, personally, I don't think he is very interesting. But if you put something in like Dixie Dugan, Myra North, or Mary Worth's Family, I'm sure you'll have a great deal more girl readers of BLUE BOLT. Don't forget, don't put anything in like a super-human person, just a plain, everyday American girl. I think most American boys and girls don't like a pretense—they like to face the facts. It looks like Blue Bolt and all the rest of the super-human comic people are being

tossed out, because we American boys and girls like someone honest, real, and above all, a regular sport.

I think the writer of "Fearless Fellers" can draw very well, because there isn't anything that I hate worse than an artist who draws like he's in a hurry. "Dick Cole" is very well drawn also, except the artist sometimes forgets himself and rushes a little, making his drawings seem sort of rushed.

Respectfully yours,
Jeanne McDonald
Roseville, Michigan

We think you've got the right slant on American boys and girls, Jeanne.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Of the eight parts to the BLUE BOLT magazine, I like KRISKO and JASPER best. I'm studying to be a cartoonist myself, and some day I'd like to draw a strip as interesting as the one that Jack Warren does.

FEARLESS FELLERS is pretty good, BLUE BOLT is fair, EDISON BELL would be a lot more interesting if the plot of the story was better, but the drawing is really good, I think.

I believe in what Corleen Moore says—get some natural, everyday character that has strange and fantastic adventures into BLUE BOLT COMICS, and I think that BLUE BOLT COMICS would be far more interesting than it already is.

I don't think that DICK COLE is as interesting as it used to be, although, I've read some mighty good DICK COLE stories; the stories were best when SIMBA was fighting Dick. SERGEANT SPOOK is good, a lot better than it used to be. OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES are real interesting. Keep them up.

I'm always on the alert for the next issue of BLUE BOLT COMICS. Here's hoping that it holds its reputation as a good comic magazine.

A faithful reader,
Philip N. Gowen
Knobel, Arkansas

There's some good digestible criticism up there to sink your teeth in, Readers.

* * *

Dear Editors:

In your book, BLUE BOLT, I like "Dick Cole" and "Sergeant Spook." BLUE BOLT is tops with me. I agree with Bob Dioferia about "Fearless Fellers" chance to be on the cover. I think that "Old Cap Hawkins' True Tales" should have more pages.

I wish to join the Marines when I'm 17. I buy War Stamps steadily.

Yours truly,
Del Chappell
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Well, Dell, you and Bob ought to be pleased with this cover. Ye Editor heard your plea.

* * *

Dear Editors:

While I was reading the "Ye Editor's Page," I saw James Calalrese's BLUE BOLT CLUB. I thought I would write.

I am a President of a victory club, and now president of the BLUE BOLT CLUB. We have been buying a dollar's worth of War Stamps, and a dollar's worth of War Stamps in the BLUE BOLT CLUB. My favorite story is KRISKO and JASPER.

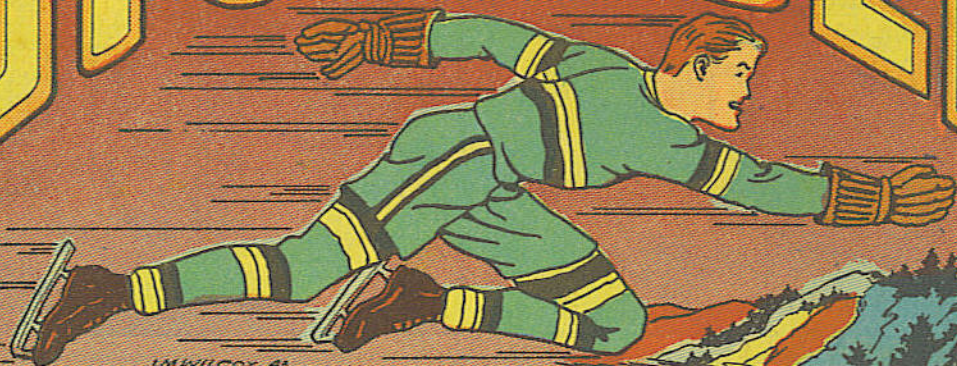
We will keep them flying.

Donald Allen
Poplar Bluff, Missouri

Well, here at long last is a plug for KRISKO and JASPER. Perhaps we shouldn't "ditch" them after all.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

DICK COLE



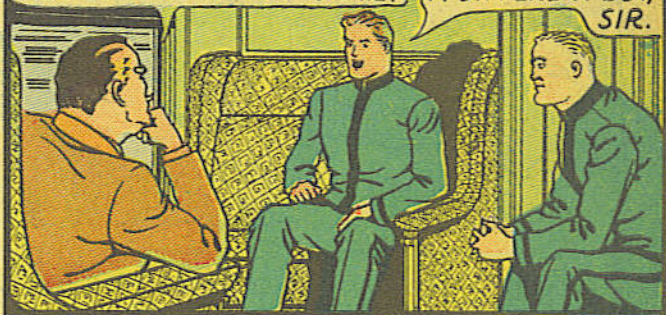
J.M. WILCOX: 43

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS ARE OVER AND THE WINTER TERM AT **FARR MILITARY ACADEMY** IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE.

DICK AND **SIMBA**, WHO SPENT THEIR VACATION IN THE CITY AS GUESTS OF **MAJOR FARR**, ARE RETURNING TO SCHOOL ON AN EXPRESS. ON THE SAME TRAIN ARE THE **MAJOR** AND THE BOY **SLIP'RY**, EX PICK-POCKET WHO IS ENTERING THE SCHOOL. AS THE TRAIN ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT, WE FIND THE **MAJOR** TALKING WITH **DICK** AND **SIMBA** IN HIS STATE-ROOM.

WELL, DICK, YOU'VE BEEN IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH **SLIP'RY** THE PAST TWO WEEKS. DID WE MAKE A MISTAKE IN NOT LETTING HIM GO TO JAIL?

BEING WITH YOU AND YOUR SISTER FOR TWO WEEKS—WELL HE'S A DIFFERENT BOY, SIR.



HM-M-M. BUT WILL THE CHANGE BE LASTING? THE JUDGE WAS NOT VERY KEEN ON LETTING ME TAKE HIM. HE FELT THAT A BOY WITH HIS BAD RECORD SHOULD BE IN A REFORM SCHOOL. I HOPE I'VE DONE THE RIGHT THING!



SIR, THE LUCKIEST BREAK **SLIP'RY** EVER HAD WAS WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED IN YOUR APARTMENT.

YES, SIR! NOW HE'S FREE OF THAT MASTER CROOK, HE'LL BE OKAY.



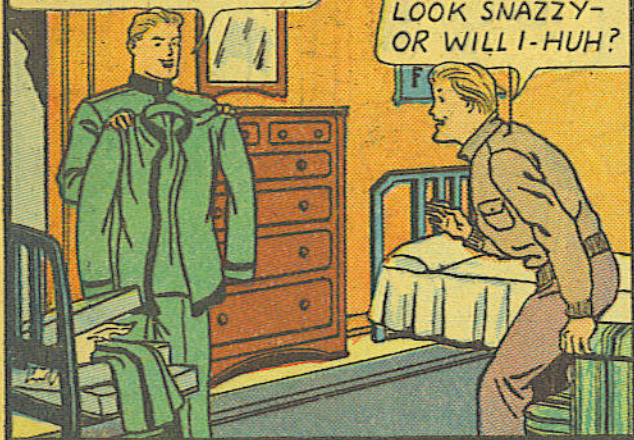
WELL, YOU BOYS KEEP AN EYE ON HIM AT **FARR**. AND NOW, IT'S TIME FOR TAPS—SO GOOD NIGHT, BOYS—



NEXT DAY AT FARR IN SLIPRY'S ROOM-

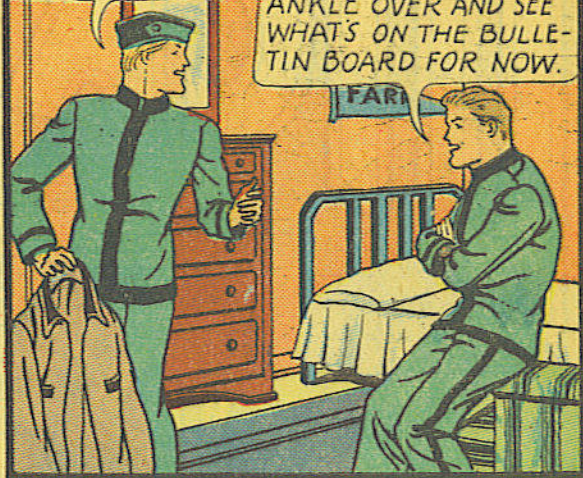
HERE'S YOUR UNIFORM, SLIPRY. TRY IT ON.

COCK-EYED COD-FISH! WON'T I LOOK SNAZZY-OR WILL I-HUH?



WELL, HOW'M I DOIN' DICK?

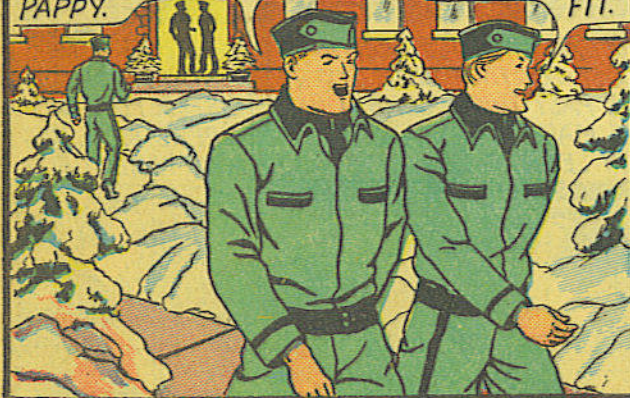
SWELL! PERFECT FIT! WELL, GIN'RAL LETS ANKLE OVER AND SEE WHAT'S ON THE BULLETIN BOARD FOR NOW.



DICK AND SLIPRY HEAD FOR FARR HALL

THIS IS ALL NEW TO YOU, SON. JUST TAKE IT EASY AND IF YOU GET STUCK-COME TO PAPPY.

THANKS-UH-I FEEL GOOFY IN THIS OUT-FIT.



OH, HULLO COLE. HA! A NEW GUY. BRACE, MISTER AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

HELLO, BULLY.



"HUH!?! SAY 'SIR' AND YOU BRACE, HEAR ME? BRACE!!

BRACE? I DON'T TUMBLE TO WHAT-



TUMBLE TO THIS, YOU DOPE!

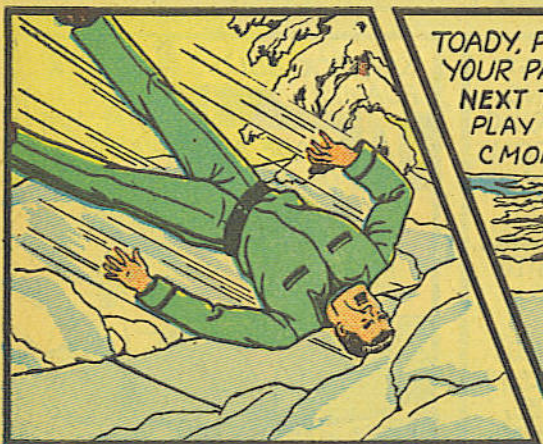
HA-HA-HA!

HEY-YOU!



YANK HIM OUT, TOADY. WE'LL WASH THAT PAN OF HIS.

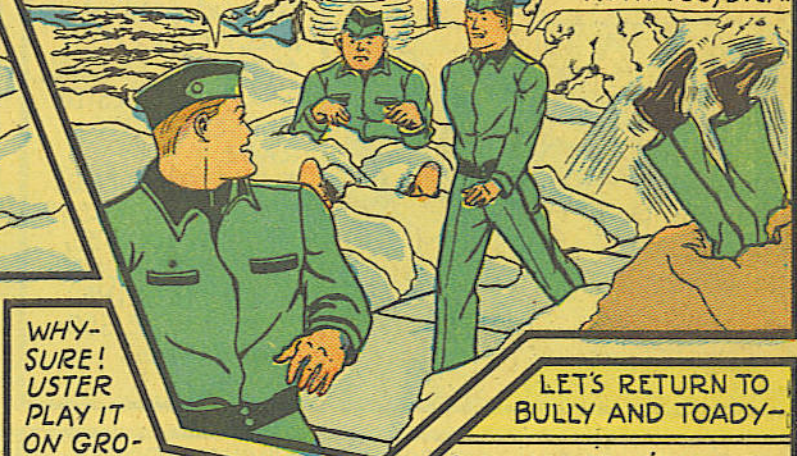




TOADY, PULL YOUR PAL OUT. NEXT TIME I'LL PLAY REAL ROUGH. C MON, SLIP'RY.

YEH-YE-YESSIR!

OH, BOY! WHAT A PAL! RIGHT WITH YOU, DICK.



- SO DON'T LET IT GET YOU! SLIP'RY, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS' AND DECENT HAZING FROM THE OLD BOYS YOUR FIRST YEAR, BUT BULLY'S NOT AN OLD BOY AND HAS NO RIGHT TO HAZE YOU. THAT'S WHY I STEPPED IN. BUT YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO TAKE IT" AT FARR. SAY, BY THE WAY, KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ICE HOCKEY?

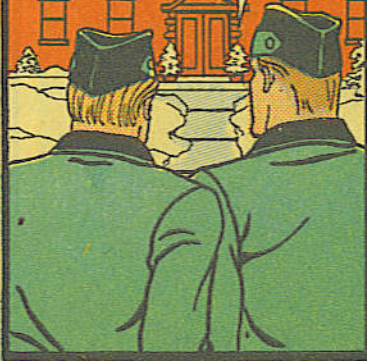
WHY-SURE! USTER PLAY IT ON GRO-GAN'S POND.

GOOD! COME OUT FOR THE TEAM TRY-OUTS TOMORROW.

LET'S RETURN TO BULLY AND TOADY-

DICK COLE CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THAT! MY OLD MAN IS P.B. BRISKET! I'LL GET EVEN- YOU'LL SEE!

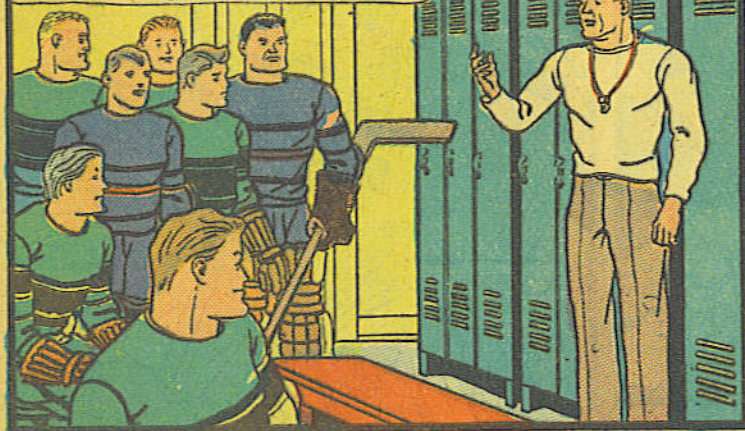
YOU BET! I DON'T LIKE COLE EITHER!



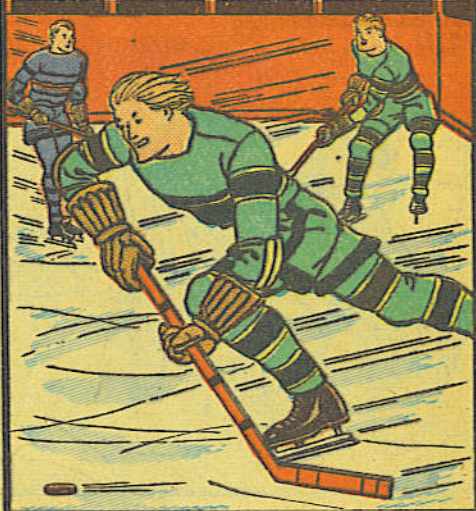
IN THE LOCKER ROOM NEXT DAY.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS!

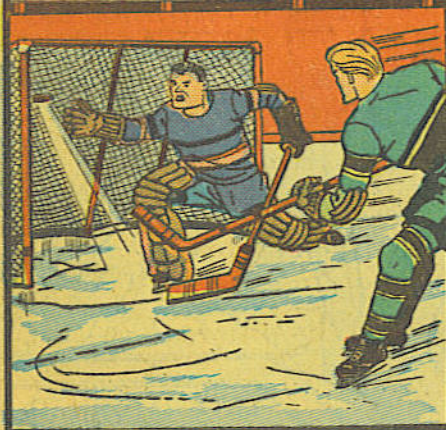
WE'LL FORM TWO TEAMS FOR OUR FIRST TRY-OUTS, GREEN AND BLACK, AS LISTED ON THE BOARD. GREEN CAPTAIN---COLE. BLACK CAPTAIN---BRISKET. LET'S GO!



ON THE FACE OFF, DICK PASSES THE PUCK TO SLIP'RY WHO ---



SHOOTS A HOT ONE THROUGH BULLY BRISKET, GOALIE FOR THE BLACK TEAM.



DURING THE FIRST PERIOD, DICK AND SLIP'RY EACH RING UP TWO MORE GOALS THROUGH BULLY. BULLY, CONCEITED ABOUT HIS ABILITY, IS ALMOST BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE.

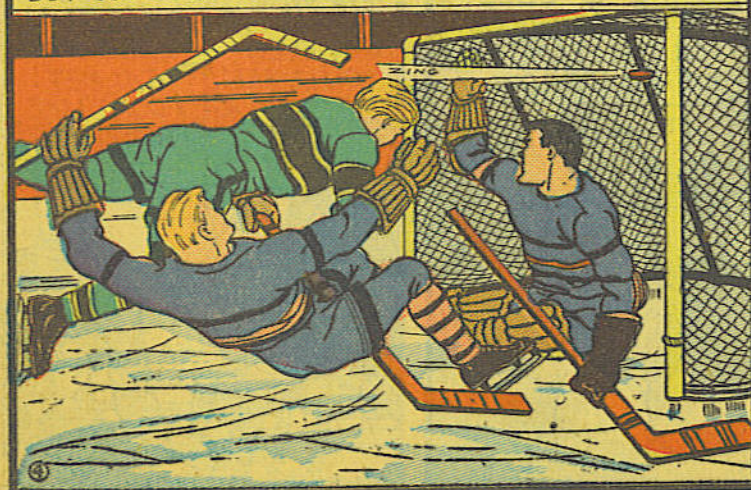
THE PERIOD ENDS AND, AFTER A REST OF TEN MINUTES, THE TEAMS COME BACK ON TO THE ICE FOR THE SECOND PERIOD.

SAY, DICK, BULLY'S FOAMIN'--

BETTER WATCH HIM. WE MADE A MONKEY OUT OF HIM AND HE CAN'T TAKE IT!

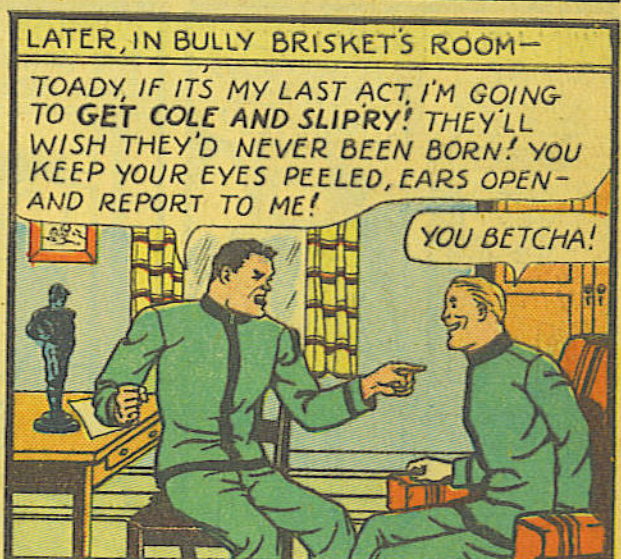
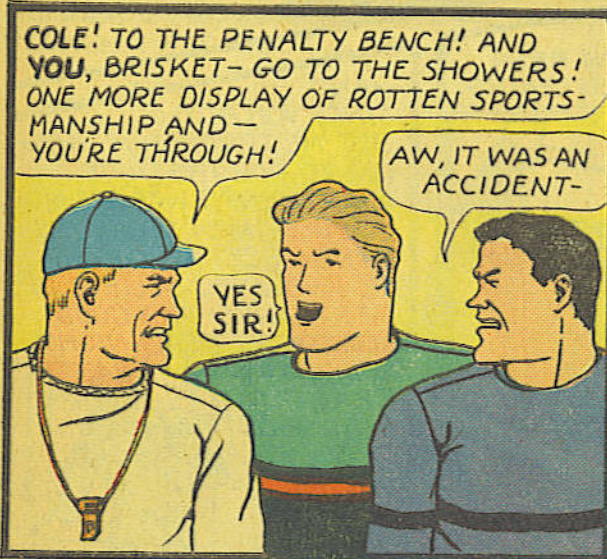
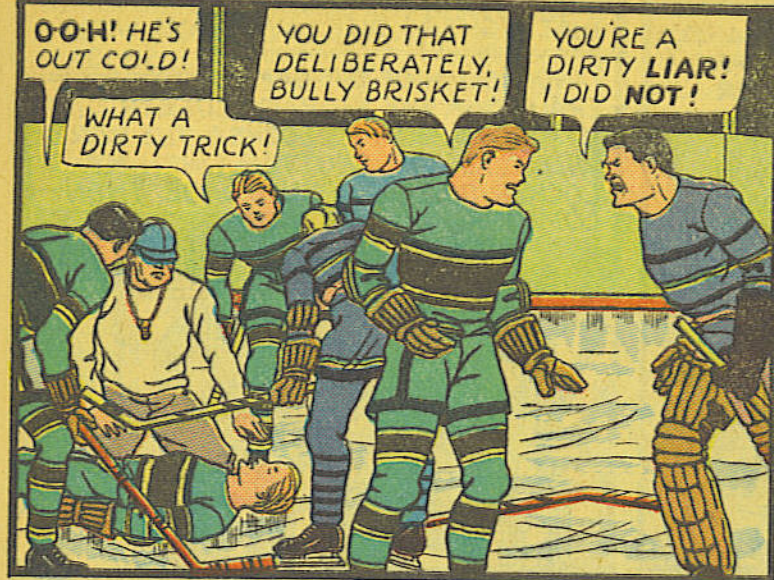


SLIP'RY, COMING IN FAST FOR A CLOSE SHOT, SCORES, BUT COLLIDES VIOLENTLY WITH ANOTHER PLAYER--



BULLY, ENRAGED AT ANOTHER SCORE, SAVAGELY JABS THE FALLING SLIP'RY.



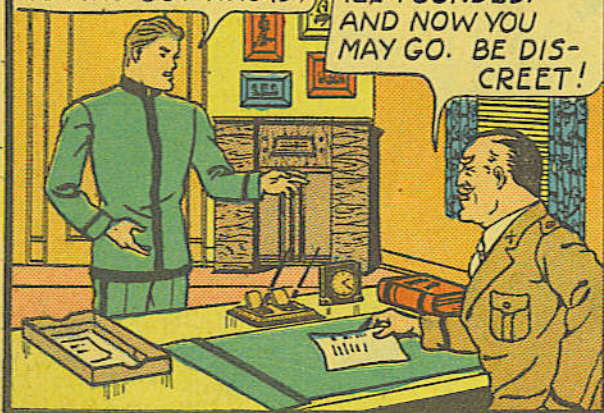


A MONTH PASSES—DICK AND SLIPRY HAVE MADE THE TEAM WHILE BULLY IS ONLY SUBSTITUTE GOALIE FOR SIMBA. THE FARR HOCKEY TEAM HAS WON ITS FIRST FOUR GAMES AND ALL IS WELL ON THE CAMPUS. UNTIL ONE DAY DICK IS SUMMONED TO MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE TO FIND THE MAJOR, GRAVE AND WORRIED, CONSULTING A LIST.



SIR, I'M POSITIVE
SLIP'RY IS NOT
THE THIEF. MAY
I HAVE PERMISSION
TO FIND OUT WHO IS?

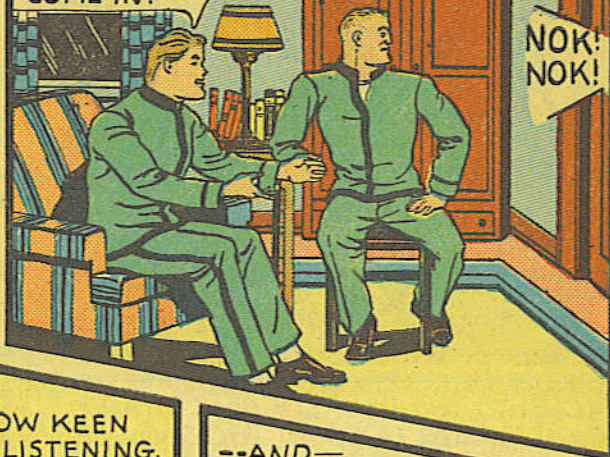
YES, RICHARD,
YOU MAY AND I
HOPE YOUR
LOYALTY IS NOT
ILL FOUNDED.
AND NOW YOU
MAY GO. BE DIS-
CREET!



THAT NIGHT AS DICK LAYS PLANS WITH
SIMBA—

—AND WE'LL HIDE THE CAM-
ERA INSIDE THE **STORAGE LOCKER** THAT
IS ACROSS FROM MY LOCKER. THE WIRE
WILL CLICK THE SHUTTER WHEN MY
LOCKER DOOR IS OPENED WIDE. THEN--
COME IN!

NOK!
NOK!

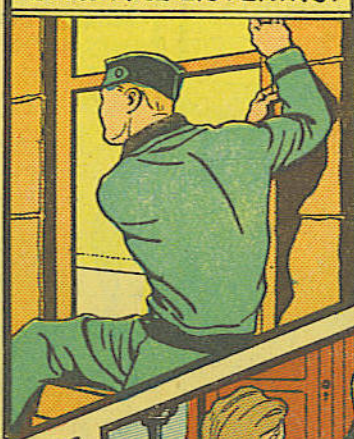


WHY, HELLO,
SLIP'RY---
WHATS ON
YOUR MIND?

CAN I TALK
TO YOU GUYS
FOR A FEW
MINUTES?

WHAT'S
HOLDING
YOU?
COME
ON IN—

OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW KEEN
EARS ARE LISTENING.



--AND--
SINCE YOU BOTH
MET ME THROUGH MY TRY-
ING TO ROB THE FARR
APARTMENT, I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D THINK I STOLE THE
MONEY. GEE! IT'S GREAT
TO KNOW YOU BELIEVE IN
ME! THANKS--AND GOOD
NIGHT.

AW--THAT'S
OKAY, OLD
BOY. GOOD
NIGHT--



HEY, BULLY! NEWS! SLIP'RY USED TO
BE A THIEF! HE WAS GOIN' TO JAIL
BUT OLD FARR PERSUADED THE
JUDGE TO LET HIM COME TO FARR.
I HEARD IT ALL THROUGH
COLE'S WINDOW!

HUH?



TWENTY
MINUTES
LATER

SO THAT'S THE STORY! OH, BOY!!
GIVE ME A PEN AND PAPER AND
THEN TELL ME AGAIN WHILE I
WRITE IT DOWN. HOT DOG! HERE'S
WHERE WE GO TO
TOWN!

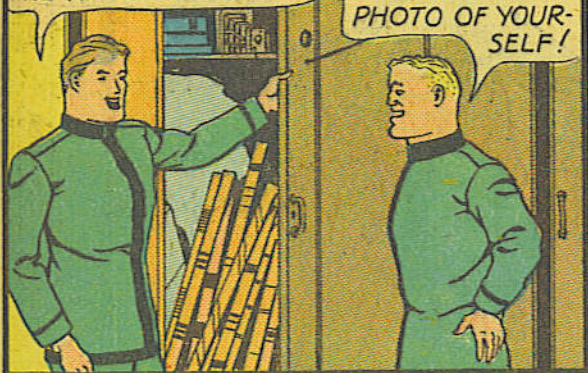
PAPER
COMIN' UP--



WHILE TOADY AND BULLY ARE BUSY—

THAT SHOULD WORK, SIMBA. NOW WHEN MY LOCKER DOOR OPENS WIDE, **CLICK!** AND WE HAVE THE PROOF!

BE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET TOMORROW— OPEN TOO FAR AND TAKE A PHOTO OF YOURSELF!

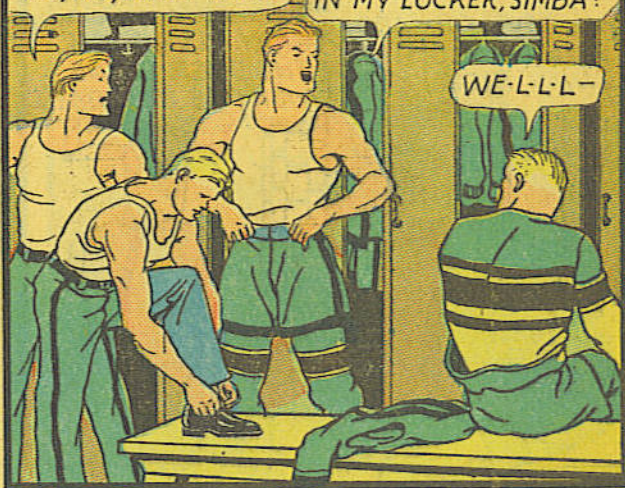


NEXT AFTERNOON.

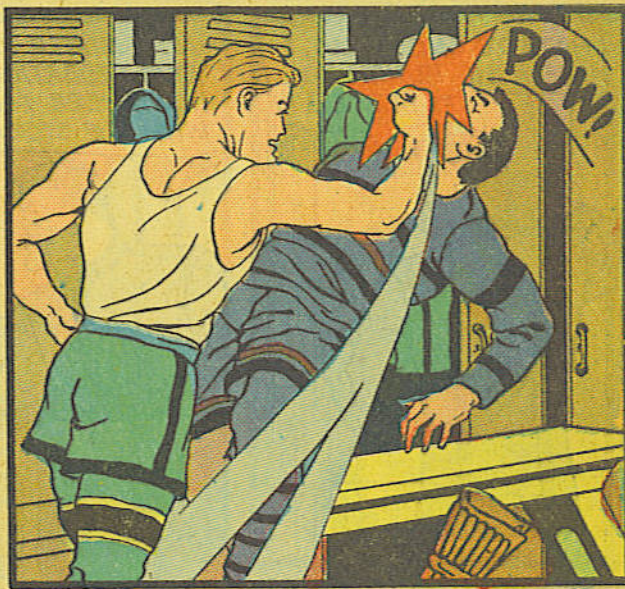
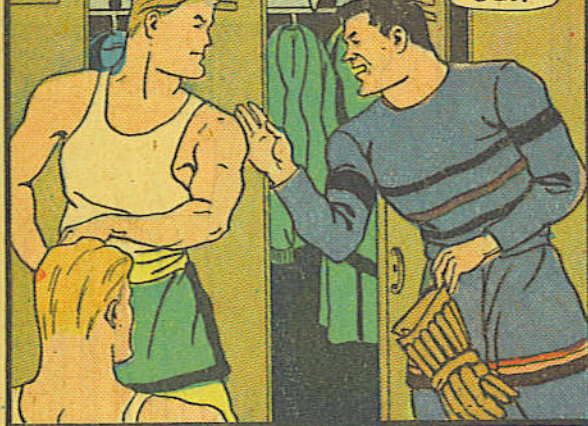
NO, NO, DICK-DON'T!

I GUESS IT'S OKAY TO LEAVE TWENTY BUCKS IN MY LOCKER, SIMBA?

WE-L-L-L—



I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID, COLE. **DON'T!...** I WAS ROBBED OF THIRTY DOLLARS LAST WEEK AND THE THIEF IS IN THIS ROOM— NOW! HIS NAME IS— **SLIP-**



GOSH! HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

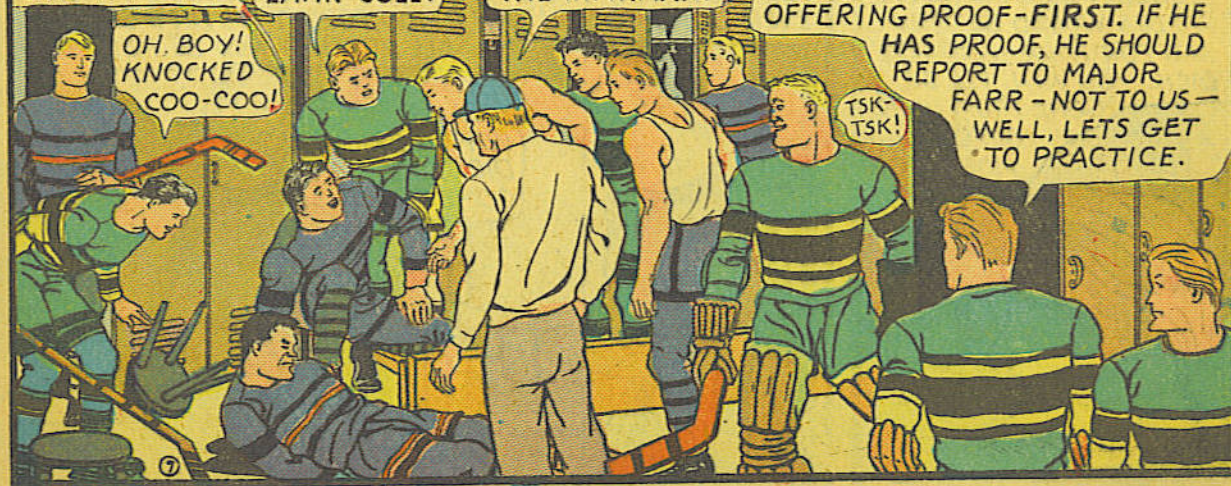
SAY, WHAT'S EATIN' COLE?

CARRY HIM TO THE INFIRMARY

SORRY, FELLOWS BUT NO ONE CAN ACCUSE A FARR MAN WITHOUT OFFERING PROOF—FIRST. IF HE HAS PROOF, HE SHOULD REPORT TO MAJOR FARR—NOT TO US— WELL, LETS GET TO PRACTICE.

OH, BOY! KNOCKED COO-COO!

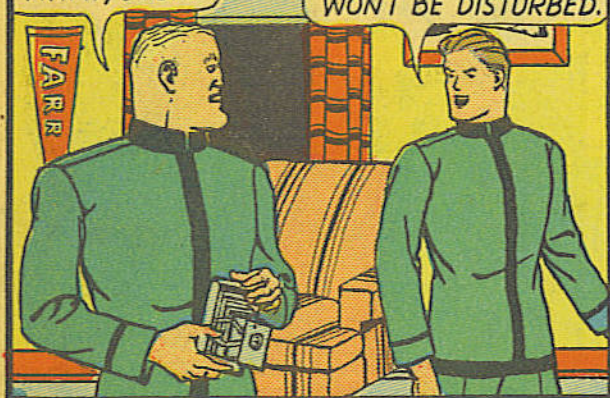
TSK-TSK!



AFTER EVENING STUDY HOUR DICK AND SIMBA BRING THE PLANTED CAMERA TO THEIR ROOM.

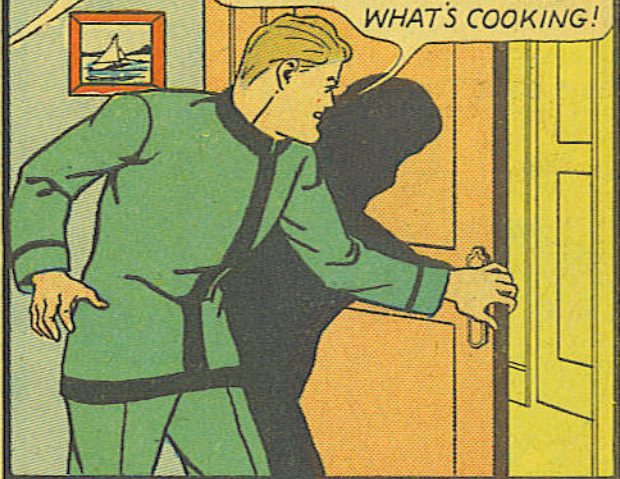
I'LL DEVELOP - AND PRINT IT RIGHT AWAY, DICK.

OKAY. I'LL WATCH THE DOOR SO WE WON'T BE DISTURBED.



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.

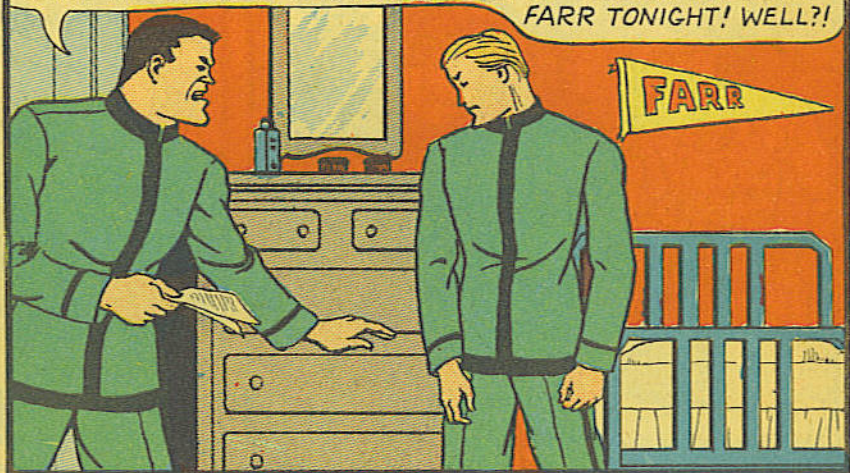
SIMBA! I JUST SAW BULLY BRISKET GO INTO SLIP'RY'S ROOM. I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S COOKING!



I HATE TO SNOOP BUT, I HAVE A BIG HUNCH I'D BETTER!



- NOW MISTER SLIP'RY YOUR RECORD AS A THIEF, YOUR ARREST, YOUR PROBATION AND FRIENDSHIP WITH COLE IS ALL WRITTEN DOWN HERE. AND IT GOES TO THE NEWSPAPERS TOGETHER WITH THE STORY OF THE SCHOOL THEFTS - UNLESS YOU LEAVE FARR TONIGHT! WELL?!



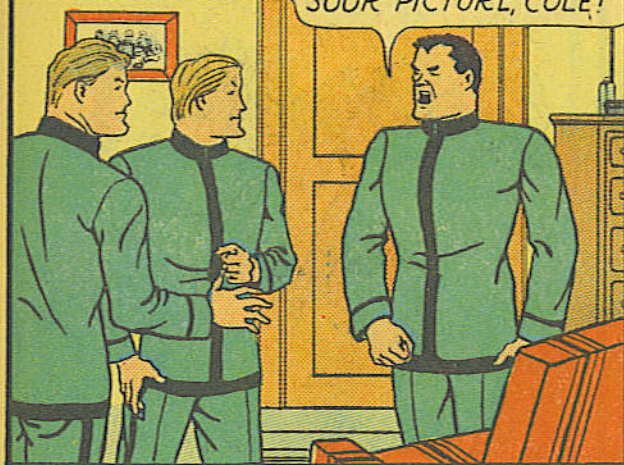
YOU'RE LOWER THAN A BED BUG BUT - OKAY - I'M LICKED. ALL THAT IN THE PAPERS WOULD BE VERY BAD FOR FARR - AND FOR DICK. YOU WIN. I'LL BE GONE FROM HERE BEFORE MORNING.



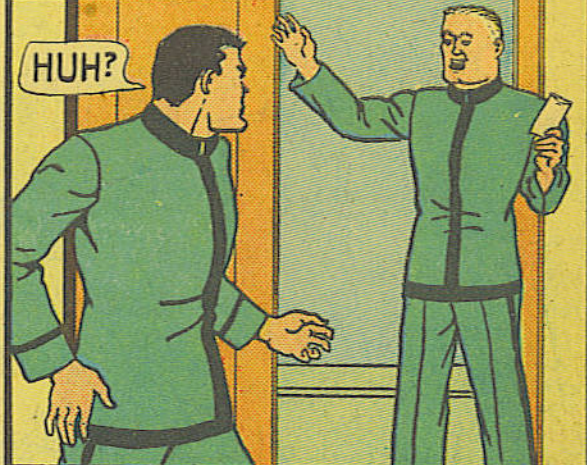
JUST A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS BULLY! WHAT'S SLIP'RY EVER DONE TO YOU? AW, C'MON, FORGET IT! LET'S SHAKE ALL AROUND AND BE FRIENDS!



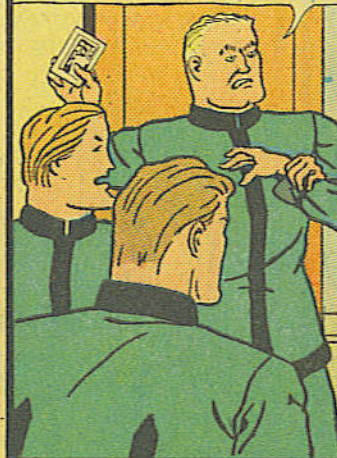
P.B. BRISKET'S SON SHAKE HANDS WITH SUCH AS YOU TWO? NEVER! YOUR GUTTER PAL LEAVES-OR ELSE! AND YOU'RE THE NEXT SOUR PICTURE, COLE!



SPEAKING OF PICTURES, HERE'S A BEAUT! TAKE A LOOK MISTER HIGH-N-MIGHTY!

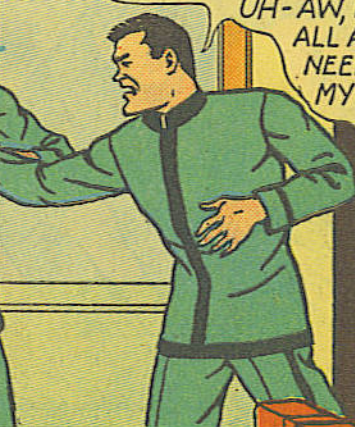


JUST A PERFECT PICTURE OF A THIEF! PRETTY, EH?

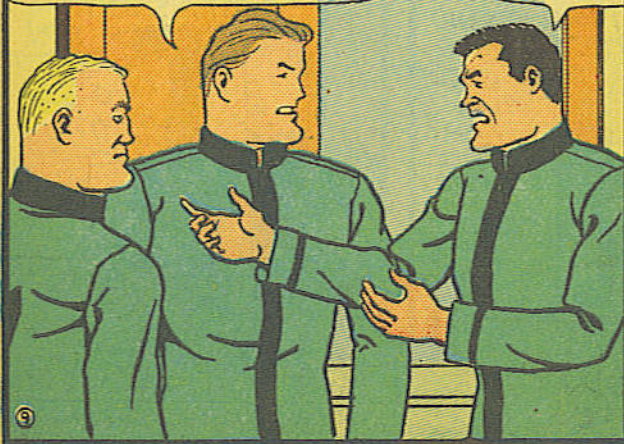


GIMME THAT! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! IT'S A FAKE! MY FATHER WILL SUE THE SCHOOL! HE--I-I-(GUG)

UH-AW, FELLOWS IT WAS ALL A GAG. I-I DON'T NEED MONEY. IT'S IN MY ROOM-I'LL GIVE IT ALL BACK--

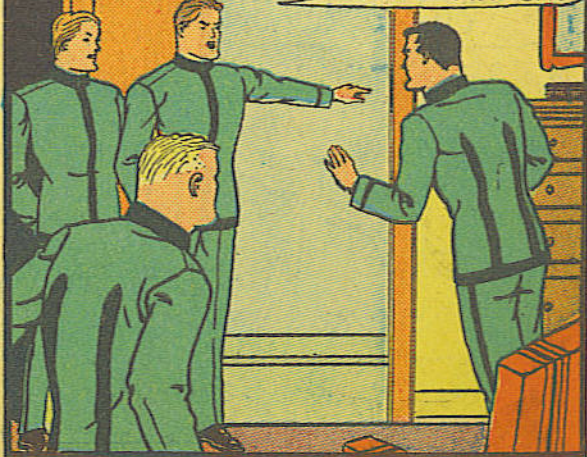


FINE! WE'LL GET IT RIGHT NOW AND THEN-**YOU**, NOT SLIP'RY, WILL LEAVE! THERE'S A 10.12 TRAIN. YOU HAVE FORTY MINUTES!



B-BUT MY FATHER? THE-THE DIS-GRACE?!

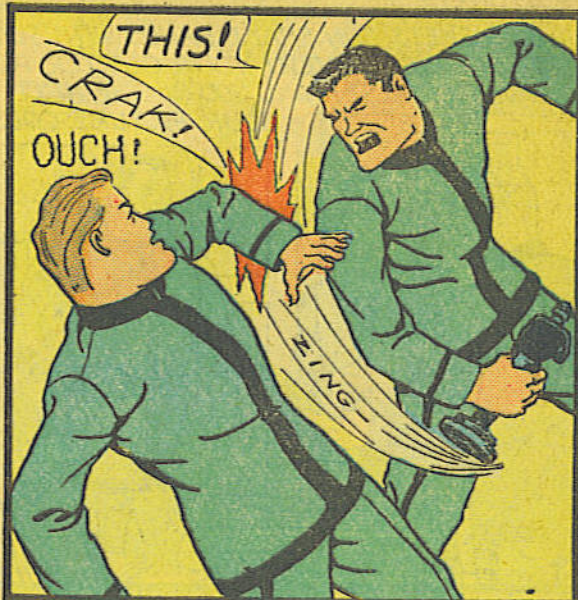
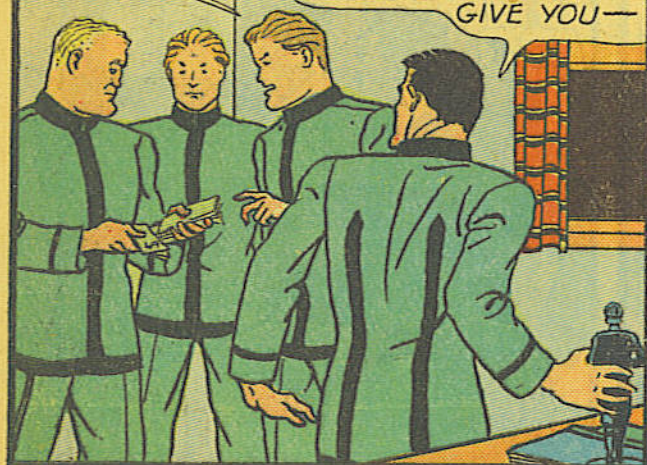
YOU ARE RETURNING THE MONEY-THAT'S WHY I'M LETTING YOU GO INSTEAD OF HAVING YOU ARRESTED. NOW-TO YOUR ROOM-MARCH!



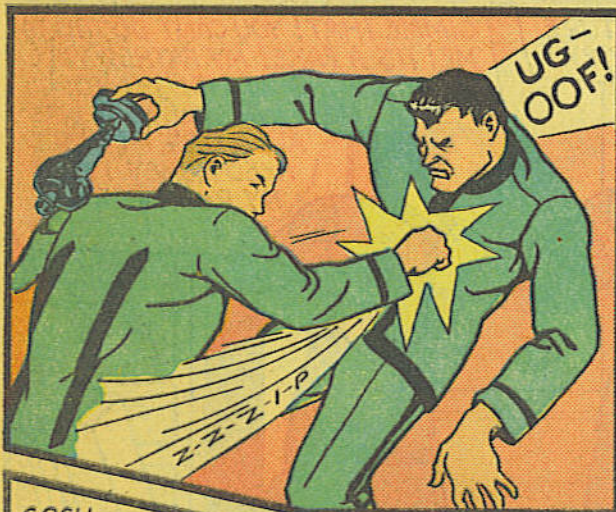
IN BULLY'S ROOM.

COUNT IT
SIMBA.

AW, IT'S ALL THERE. I
WANT TO THANK YOU
COLE FOR BEING SO
CONSIDERATE- AND-
GIVE YOU-

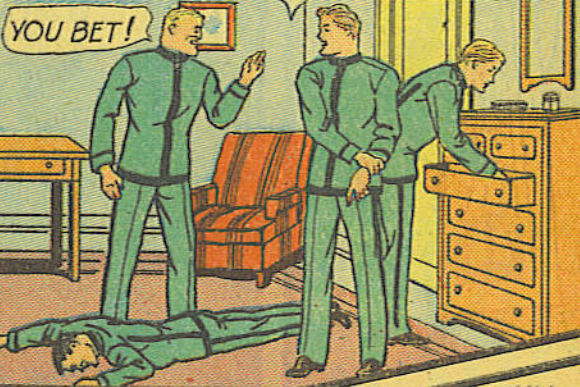


THIS!
CRACK!
OUCH!



UG-
OOF!

SIMBA, SEE THAT THAT TERMITE MAKES
THE 10.12 TRAIN. RIG ME A SLING SLIP'RY
I THINK MY ARM'S BROKEN. THANKS-

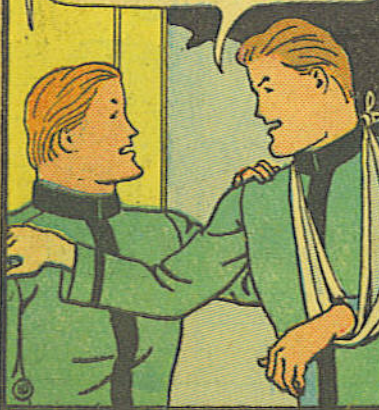


YOU BET!

GOSH,
DICK! HOW CAN
I EVER THANK
YOU?

EASY,
SLIP'RY!

YOU JUST STICK TO
THE FARR WAY OF GOOD
SPORTSMANSHIP- HON-
OR AND DECENCY!



IN MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE.

CADET COLE
REPORTS SIR.
HERE'S THE
MONEY AND
PROOF OF
THE THIEF-
AND SLIP'RY
IS INNOCENT!



FINE! FINE!
WE SHALL
RETURN
THE MONEY
AND ATTEND
TO THE THIEF
IMMEDIATELY.
BUT YOUR
ARM?



MY
ARM? JUST A
TAP, SIR. MAY I ASK THAT
NO FURTHER STEPS BE
TAKEN CONCERNING THE
THIEF? AH-THE 10.12 TRAIN.
FARR ACADEMY HAS JUST
LOST A STUDENT-
SIR!



TO-O-O-O-
TOOT!

ARE YOU BUYING THOSE
WAR STAMPS EVERY
WEEK? LICK THE AXIS!

* I FLY FOR Vengeance

PART
THREE

Based on the factual story
by Lt. Com. Clarence E. Dickinson,
in collaboration with Boyden Sparkes

IN FEBRUARY, 1942,
AMERICAN CARRIER
PILOTS AVENGE THE
GALLANT DEFENDERS
OF WAKE ISLAND. AND
IN MARCH THEY CARRY
THE FIGHT TO THE
JAPS' OWN BASE ON
MARCUS ISLAND.

HERE IS THE TRUE
STORY OF LT. DICKIN-
SON'S SCOUTING SQUAD-
RON 6-- FIRST TO FEEL
THE BLOWS OF THE
DECEITFUL JAPS, AND
FIRST TO STRIKE BACK--

T. Gill

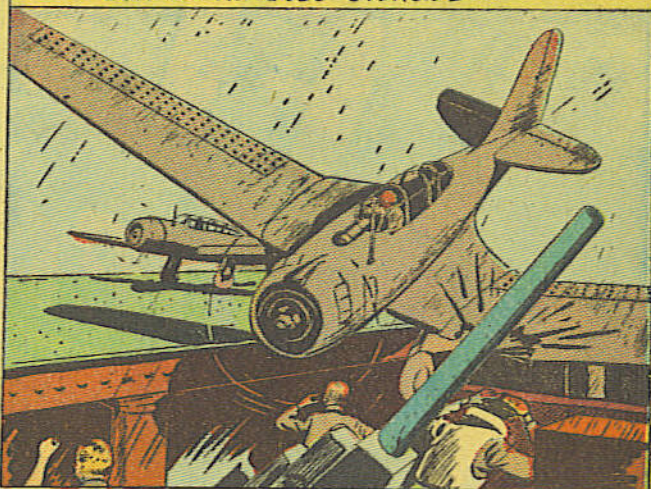
SQUALLS OF RAIN MAKE TAKING-OFF HAZARDOUS, BUT THE GOAL OF OUR CARRIER IS WAKE ISLAND, AND JUST 125 MILES AWAY LIES AN INVITATION TO VENGEANCE STRONGER THAN FEARS OF THE STORM--

ONE OF THE BEST PILOTS HAS TROUBLE-- IN A GUST OF RAIN HE CRASHES INTO A BIG 5-INCH GUN AS HE GOES OVERSIDE--

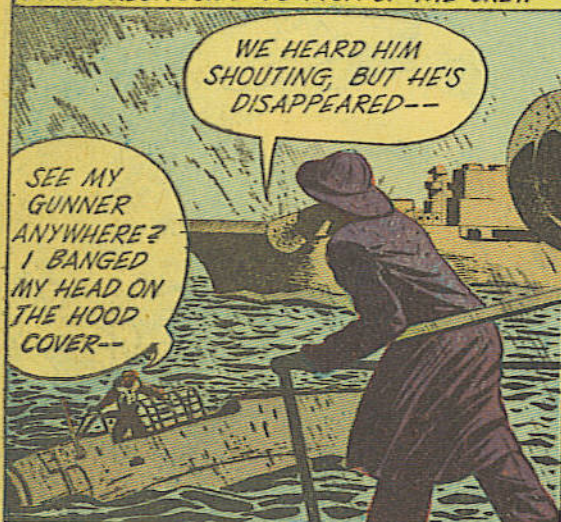


THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO PAY OFF FOR THE BOYS ON WAKE, DE LUCA--

THE WEATHER MAY BE BAD FOR US, MR. DICKINSON, BUT IT'S WORSE FOR THE JAPS--

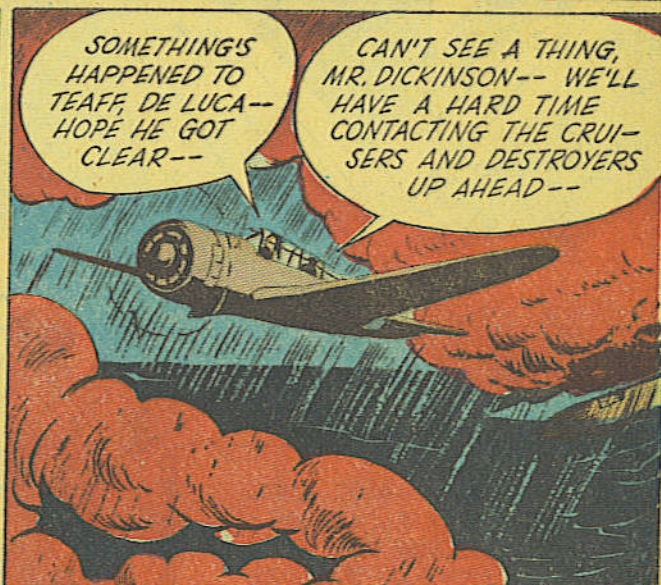


QUICKLY, THE PLANE-GUARD DESTROYER COMES ALONGSIDE TO PICK UP THE CREW--



WE HEARD HIM SHOUTING, BUT HE'S DISAPPEARED--

SEE MY GUNNER ANYWHERE? I BANGED MY HEAD ON THE HOOD COVER--



SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO TEAFF, DE LUCA-- HOPE HE GOT CLEAR--

CAN'T SEE A THING, MR. DICKINSON-- WE'LL HAVE A HARD TIME CONTACTING THE CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS UP AHEAD--

HALF AN HOUR LATE, 37 BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS REACH THEIR TARGET--



OUR SHIPS ARE HERE ALREADY-- SEE 'EM THROUGH THE CLOUDS?

AND THE JAPS HAVE A RECEPTION WAITING FOR US, MR. DICKINSON!



THE CLOUDS ARE PRETTY-- BUT WHAT THEY DON'T DO TO THE WINDSHIELD!

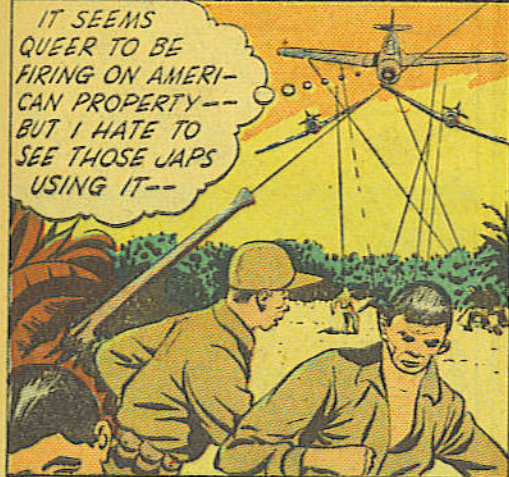
-- AND DIVE THROUGH THE CLOUDS AT THE BASE BELOW.



RIGHT ON THE BUTTON-- THERE GOES AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR!

AFTER DROPPING THEIR BOMBS, THE PLANES FLY RECKLESSLY LOW TO STRAFE THE SHORE BATTERIES--

IT SEEMS QUEER TO BE FIRING ON AMERICAN PROPERTY-- BUT I HATE TO SEE THOSE JAPS USING IT--



ANY OF YOU FIGHTERS SEE THAT BIG JAP SEA-PLANE TAKE OFF AS WE CAME IN?

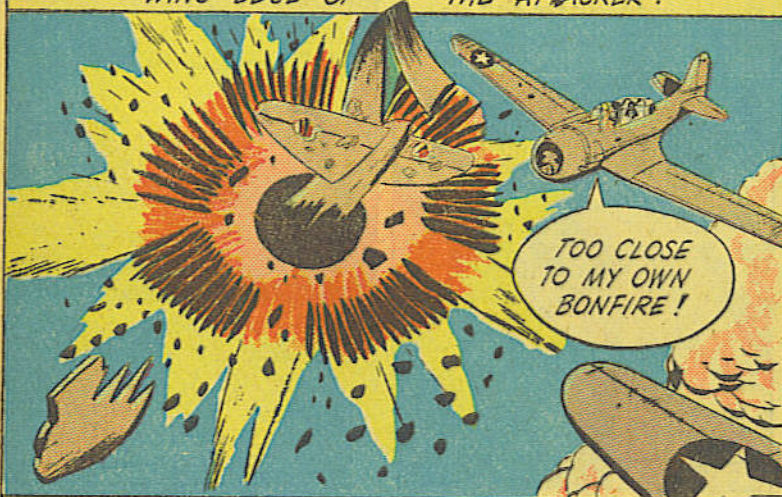
WE'RE AFTER IT!



THREE FIGHTERS CATCH UP WITH THE HUGE SHIP, AND RAKE IT WITH FIRE--



-- AND SUDDENLY THE MONSTER EXPLODES, SO FIERCELY THAT PIECES OF THE WRECKAGE ARE EMBEDDED IN THE WING EDGE OF THE ATTACKER!

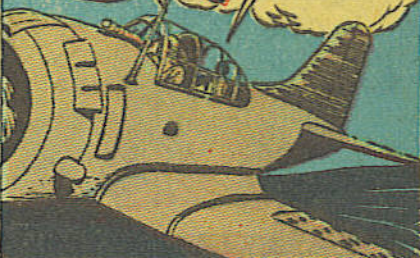


TOO CLOSE TO MY OWN BONFIRE!

TO FOOL THE ENEMY, THE PILOTS HEAD BACK TO THE CARRIER IN A DIRECTION DIFFERENT FROM ITS COURSE--

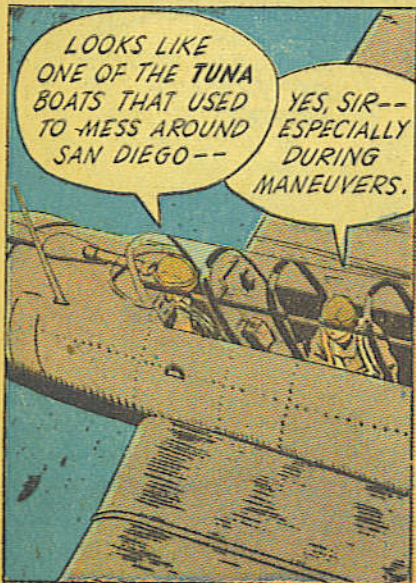
YOU 2 TAKE THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW ROAD!

MR. DICKINSON, I THINK I SEE A LITTLE GUNBOAT OFF TO PORT--



LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE TUNA BOATS THAT USED TO MESS AROUND SAN DIEGO--

YES, SIR-- ESPECIALLY DURING MANEUVERS.

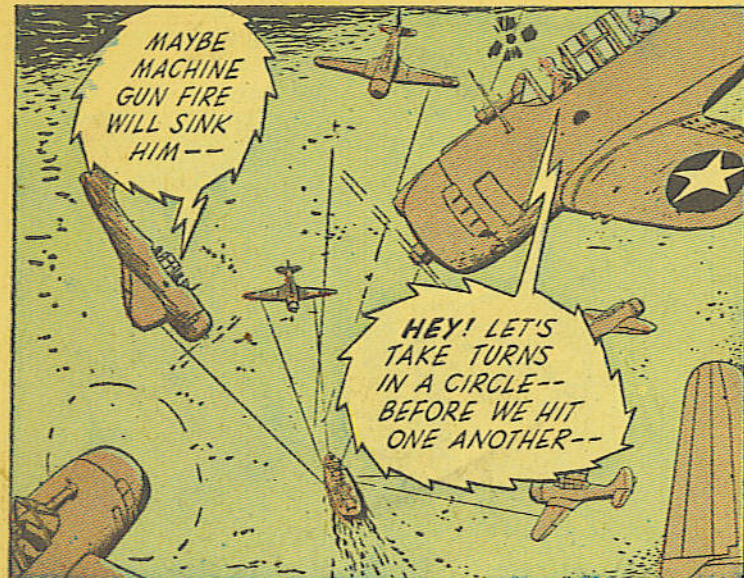


I HAVE A 100-POUNDER LEFT, MR. DICKINSON--

OKAY, LET THE LITTLE INNOCENT HAVE IT!



IN HIS IMPETUOUS HURRY, THE PILOT FAILS TO SCORE A HIT--



MAYBE
MACHINE
GUN FIRE
WILL SINK
HIM--

HEY! LET'S
TAKE TURNS
IN A CIRCLE--
BEFORE WE HIT
ONE ANOTHER--

THE BOMBING AND FIGHTER
SQUADRONS COME ALONG, AND
WANT TO JOIN THE GAME, TOO--



THEY WANT
TO HAVE ALL
THE FUN--
LET'S HELP!



GO FIND
SOME OTHER
TUNA BOAT,
BOYS-- THIS
ONE'S OURS!



THE MOTOR
MUST BE HIT--
AND ME FOOL-
ING WITH
THIS LITTLE
BOAT--

THE SMOKE'S
OIL ON THE
GUN, MR.
DICKINSON--
AND YOU GOT
HER, ANY-
WAY--

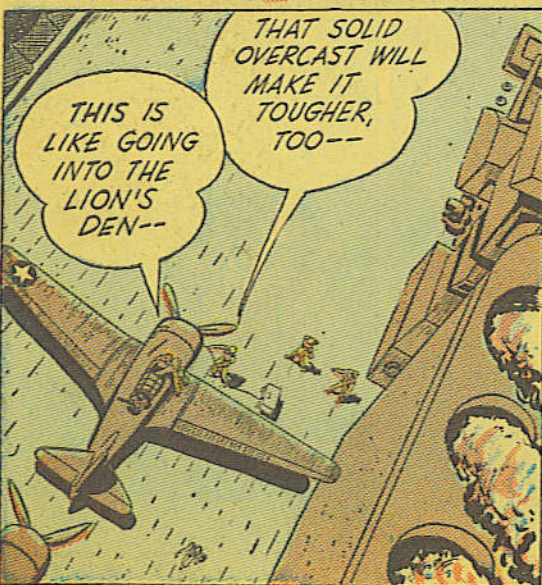
THE TUNA BOAT IS A SMALL
MORSEL TO SATISFY AN AP-
PETITE FOR VENGEANCE, AND
THE FLIERS HEAD FOR HOME.

HOPE THE
CARRIER FINDS
A STORM TO
HIDE IN UNTIL
WE GET BACK
TO PEARL
HARBOR--

WE
COULD
USE A
REST--

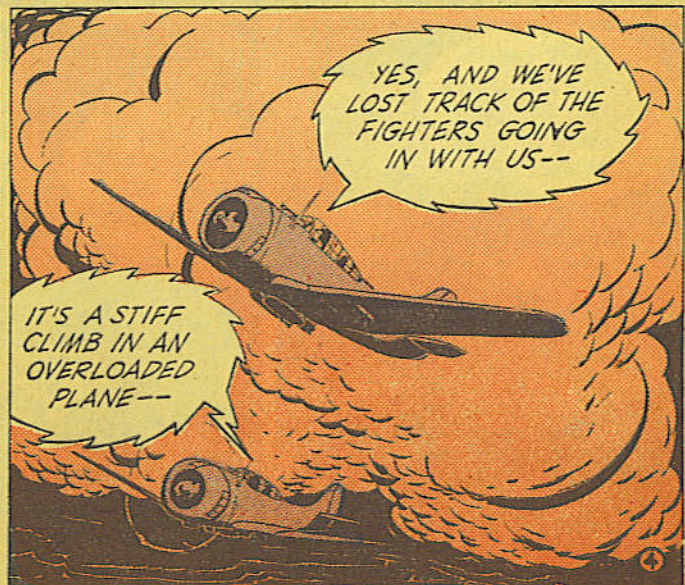


BUT-- ADMIRAL NIMITZ
ASKS FOR AN ATTACK ON
THE JAP AIR BASE AT MAR-
CUS ISLAND, ONLY 960 MILES
SOUTHEAST OF TOKYO, AND
HE IS GOING TO GET IT--



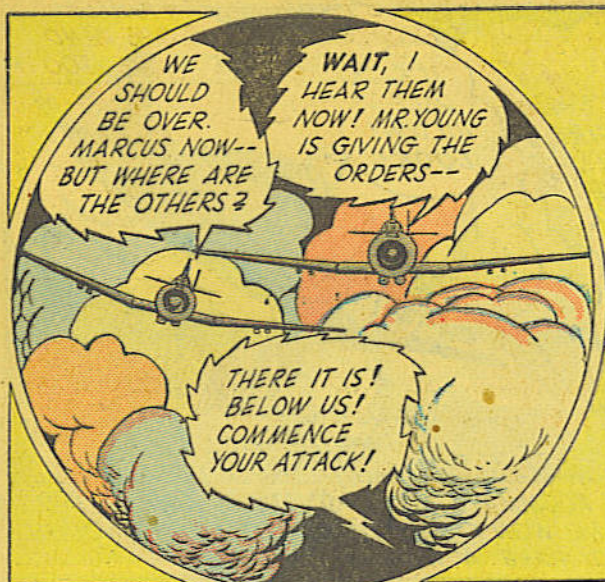
THIS IS
LIKE GOING
INTO THE
LION'S
DEN--

THAT SOLID
OVERCAST WILL
MAKE IT
TOUGHER,
TOO--



YES, AND WE'VE
LOST TRACK OF THE
FIGHTERS GOING
IN WITH US--

IT'S A STIFF
CLIMB IN AN
OVERLOADED
PLANE--



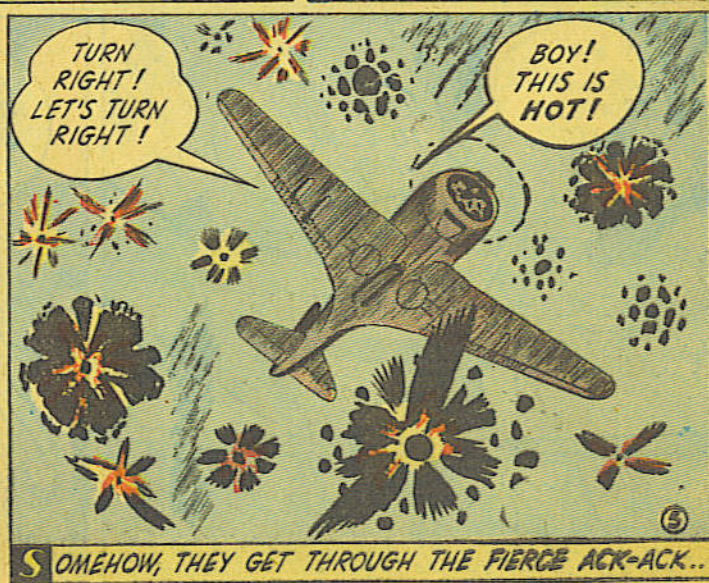
MARCUS UNFOLDS BENEATH THEM, A TINY TRIANGLE, WITH TWO PILLARS OF SMOKE RISING AS HIGH AS THE CLOUDS--



WE'RE LAST, DE LUCA-- TAIL-END CHARLEY!



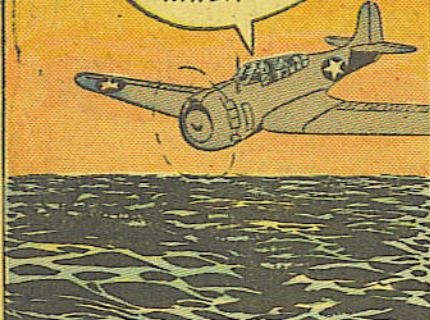
LAST OF THE ATTACKING PLANES IS ALMOST CERTAIN DISASTER-- THEN THE JAPS SHOULD HAVE THE RANGE--



SOMEHOW, THEY GET THROUGH THE FIERCE ACK-ACK..

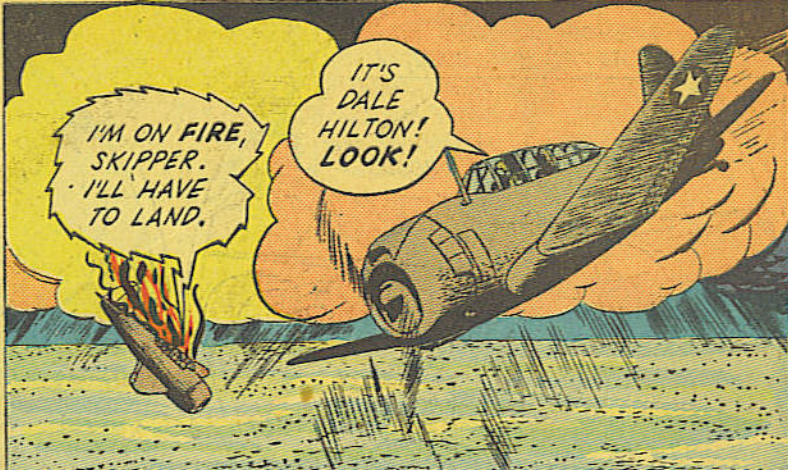
-- AND BY EXPERT FLYING BEAT THE JAPS' STIFFEST OPPOSITION.

WE'RE BETTER OFF ZIG-ZAGGING CLOSE TO THE WATER--



I'M ON FIRE, SKIPPER. I'LL HAVE TO LAND.

IT'S DALE HILTON! LOOK!



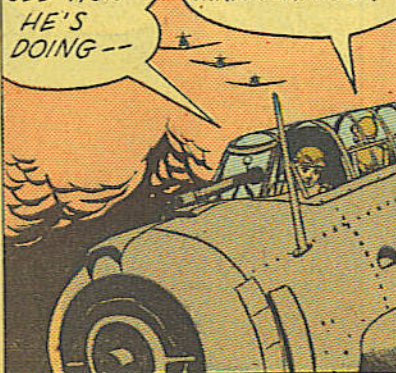
DICKINSON'S ROOMMATE IS NOT SO LUCKY, AND IT LOOKS AS IF HIS PLANE WON'T STAY TOGETHER LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A WATERY LANDING--

-- BUT HE MAKES A BEAUTIFUL GLIDE, CAUSING HARDLY A SPLASH.



LET'S GO DOWN AND SEE HOW HE'S DOING--

HERE COME THREE JAPS, MR. DICKINSON--

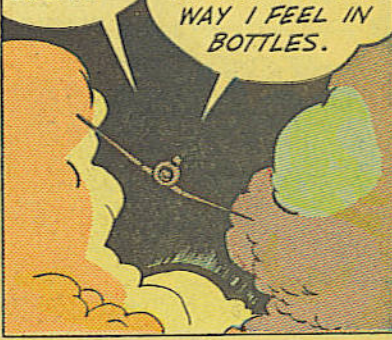


BUT WITH THE ENEMY ON THEIR TAIL, THERE'S NO TIME TO INVESTIGATE--

SO THEY LEAVE IN A HURRY, ENJOYING THE RETURN TRIP TO THE CARRIER-- IT IS LIKE COMING BACK FROM THEIR OWN FUNERAL--

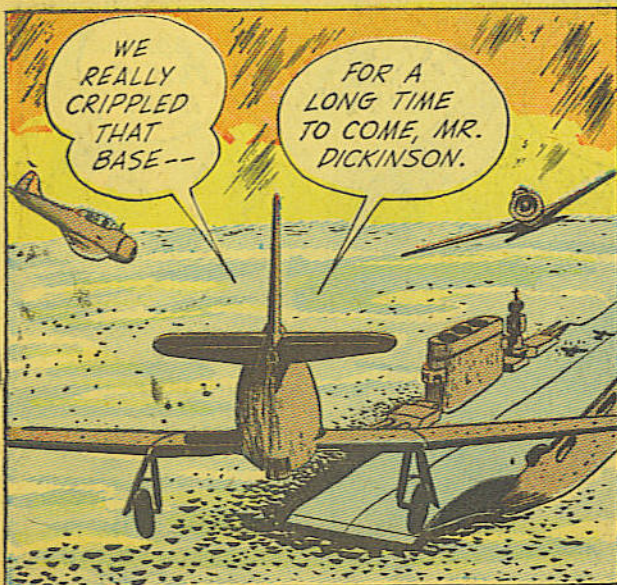
ARE YOU OKAY, DE LUCA?

YES, MR. DICKINSON, I'D LIKE TO PUT THE WAY I FEEL IN BOTTLES.



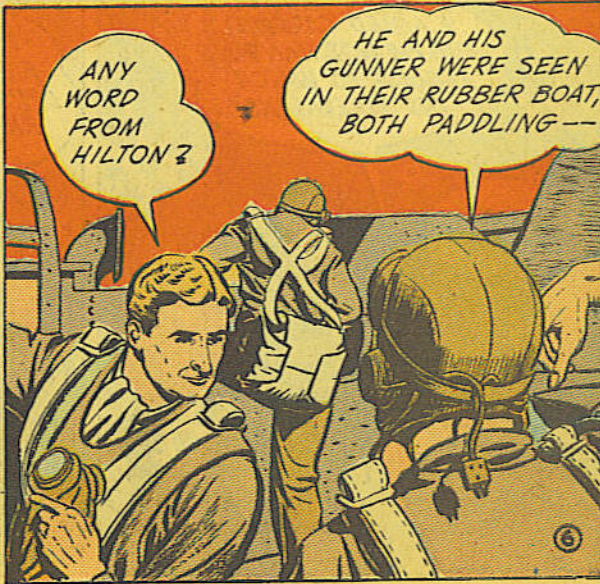
WE REALLY CRIPPLED THAT BASE--

FOR A LONG TIME TO COME, MR. DICKINSON.

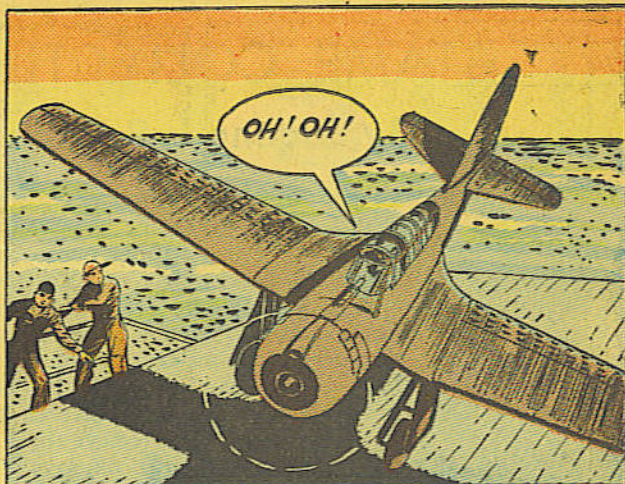
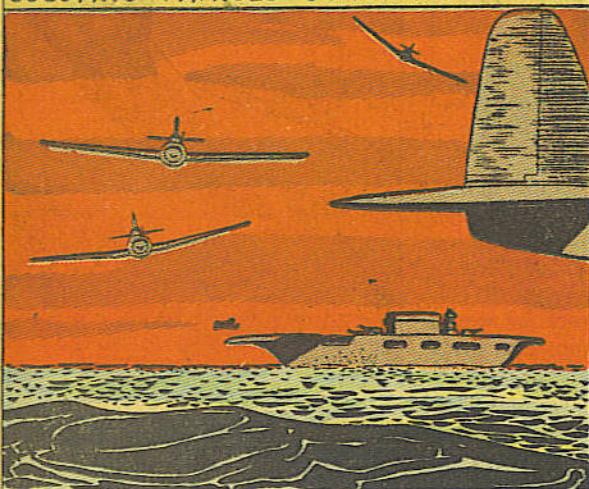


ANY WORD FROM HILTON?

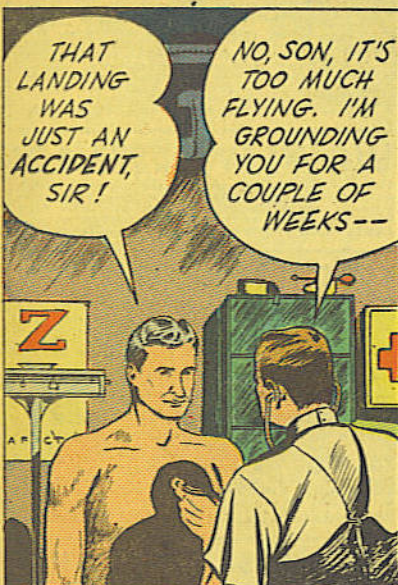
HE AND HIS GUNNER WERE SEEN IN THEIR RUBBER BOAT, BOTH PADDLING--



HERE IS NO LET-UP ON THE CARRIER PILOTS, EVEN NOW, AS THEY MUST MAINTAIN SCOUTING PATROLS CONSTANTLY--



-- AND THE STRAIN BEGINS TO TELL ON THEM. DICKINSON MAKES A POOR LANDING TWO DAYS AFTER MARCUS.



THAT LANDING WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT, SIR!

NO, SON, IT'S TOO MUCH FLYING. I'M GROUNDING YOU FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS--

BUT WHILE HE IS GETTING A WELL-EARNED REST, DICKINSON ALSO RECEIVES A PROMOTION.

MR. DICKINSON, YOU ARE NOW SECOND IN COMMAND OF YOUR SQUADRON-- EXECUTIVE OFFICER--

THANK YOU, SIR.

LATE IN APRIL, A SECOND CARRIER JOINS THE TASK FORCE, AND THEY HEAD SOUTH-- THEN NORTH-- THEN WEST--



I WONDER WHERE WE'RE GOING NOW?

THIS COMPLETE RADIO SILENCE MEANS SOMETHING, DICKINSON--

WE MUST BE NEARING A JAP CONVOY--



HEY, FELLOWS, SOME PBYs HAVE SIGHTED A BIG JAP FLEET WEST OF MIDWAY!

THIS IS IT!

YES, AT LAST THE JAPS MAKE THE MOVE-- THEY ARE STEAMING ON MIDWAY IN FORCE. NEXT MONTH, IN THE CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF HIS STORY, LT.COM. DICKINSON GIVES A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THIS GREAT BATTLE--

STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

STAMPS AT THE SOVIET FRONT

The Soviet Information Service has released the news that a Russian battalion which had become lost behind the German lines has broken through and rejoined its forces. During the twenty days the detachment was behind German lines, its commander, Vasily Khrustalev, had collected German stamps. After each attack he would go over enemy letters, remove the stamps and place them in a battered notebook, says Walter Kaner.

One day as they camped near a river, one of the soldiers, his wounded arm in a sling, picked up a stamp the commander had dropped. "If I may, sir," said the wounded soldier, "I would like to ask you a question." "Go ahead," was the commander's reply. "Well, sir, we have been wondering why you always remove stamps from enemy letters."

The commander looked at the soldier, then smiled. "I'm carrying out an important assignment. It's like this. I have a son. His name is Tolia. And he has a stamp collection — as many as three albums, too. We used to sit down, side by side, with the albums on our laps, and travel all over the world with his stamps. When I was leaving for the front, he said to me, 'Listen, Dad, when you're at the front, save some stamps for me. I'll hinge them on the front page of my album and never trade them. They'll be your stamps — and we'll look at them when you come home again.'"

"Some day when I return I can say to him, 'Here, my son, are your stamps from the front lines'." As they talked, a scout approached. He had gone through the German lines, reached the Russian headquarters, and their orders were to attack. That night, air and artillery barrage blasted at the German lines, and when morning came the lines were broken and the Russian forces united.

As the commander checked his men, he came upon the fallen form of the soldier he had talked with the night before. The wounded soldier smiled weakly and held out his hand, saying, "For your son, Tolia — from me." The commander looked at the soldier's blood-stained hand and saw three German postage stamps.



Russian Soldier and Soviet Flag



Russian Glider

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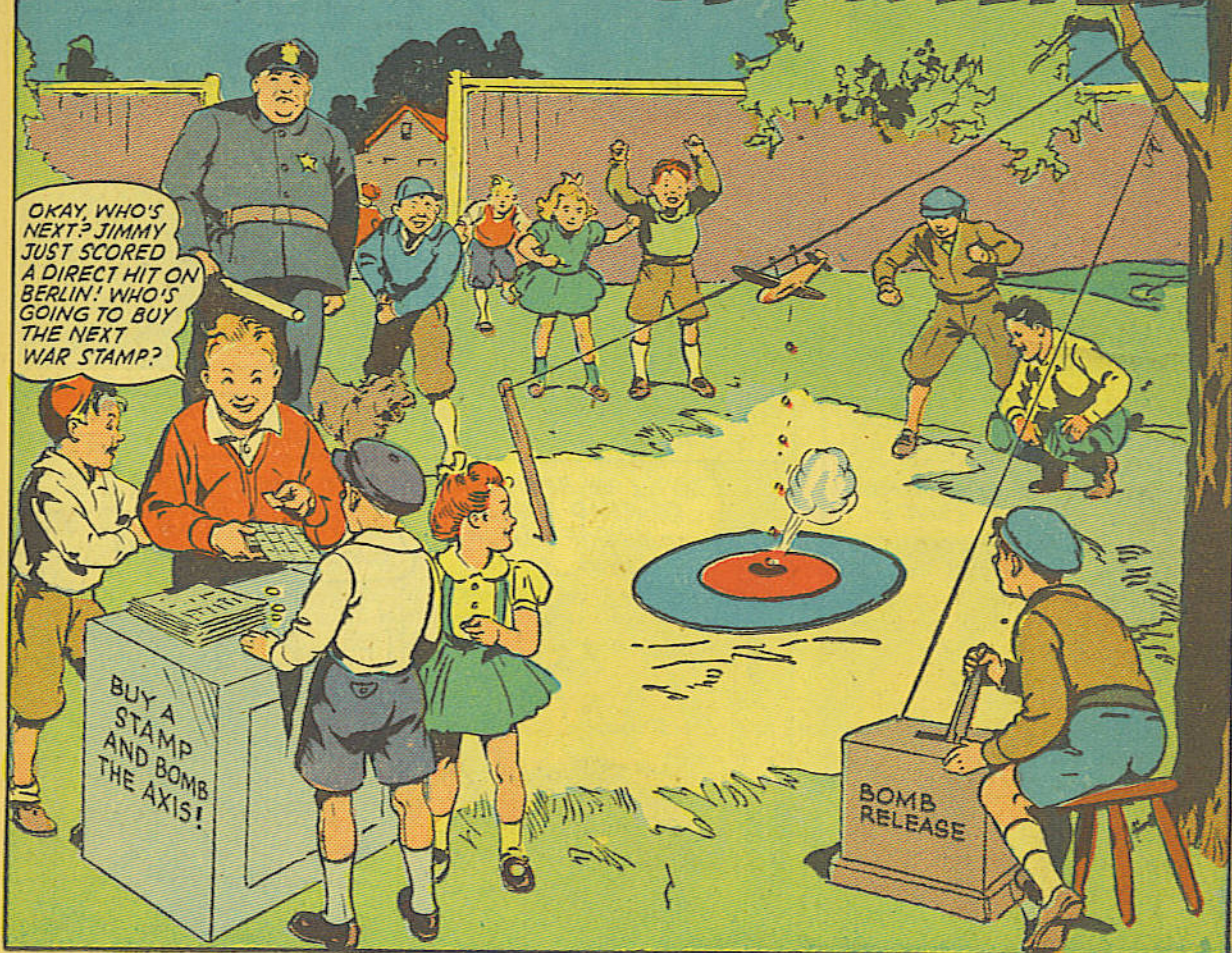
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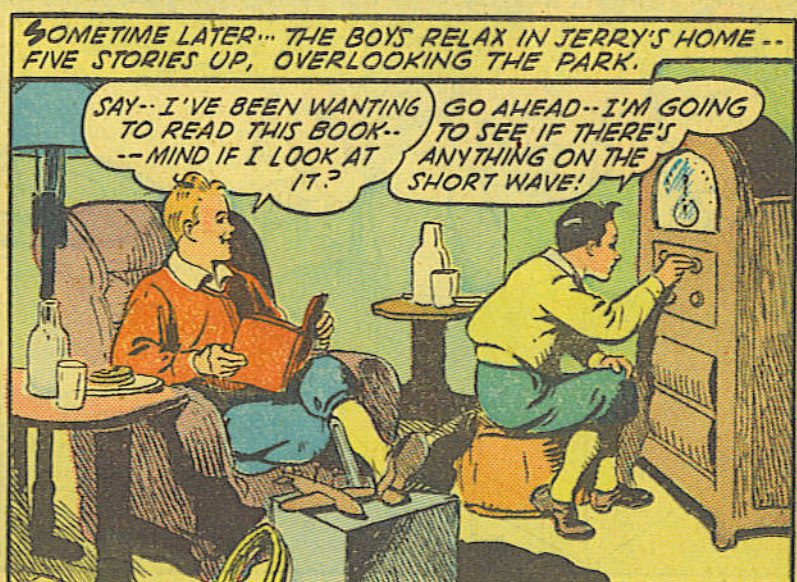
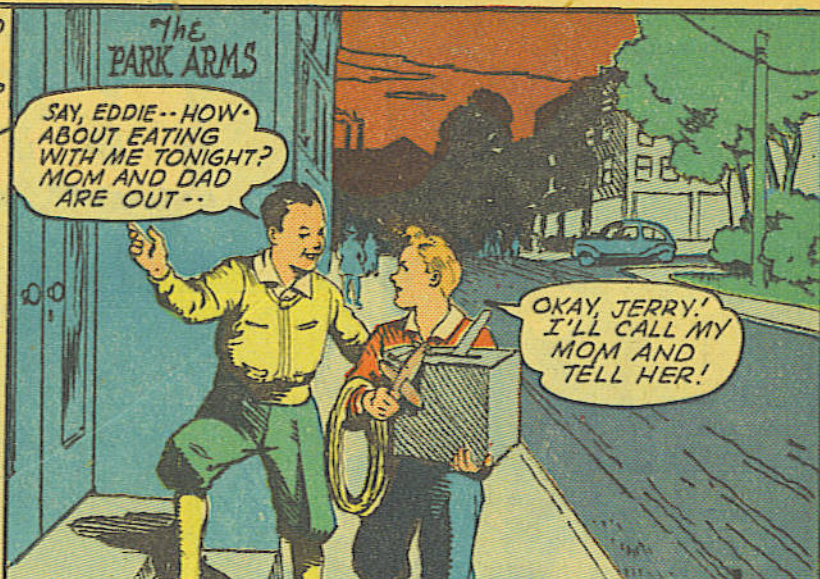
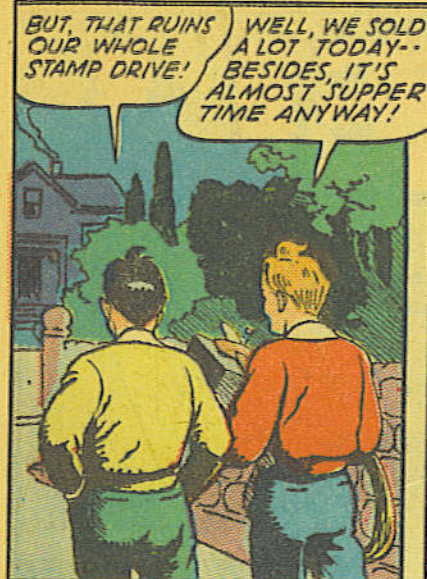
Ensign Stamp Co., Box 118-E, So. Orange, N. J.

COSSACK DIAMOND—29 OTHERS!

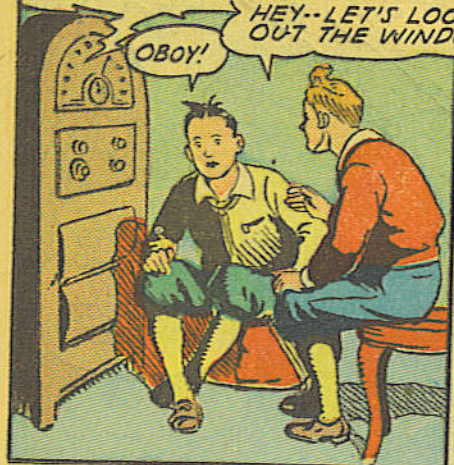
Big packet includes Giant Siberian "Fighting Cossack" DIAMOND-SHAPED STAMP, queer "half-stamp" TRIANGLE, Gobi Desert, Devil Island Singapore, first U. S. commemorative (50 yrs. old), one lot 19 Asia war stamps, etc.—altogether 30 all different—all **GIVEN** with approvals for 3c postage.
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EDISON BELL



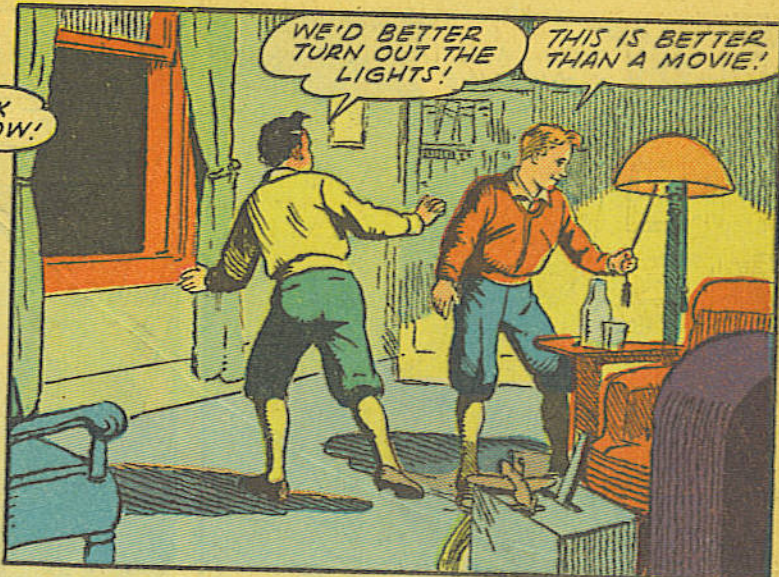


... BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A MAN WEARING A DARK SUIT... SIX FEET TALL... BE CAREFUL, HE IS ARMED!



OBOY!

HEY--LET'S LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!



WE'D BETTER TURN OUT THE LIGHTS!

THIS IS BETTER THAN A MOVIE!



SEE ANYTHING?

NOTHING YET-- EXCEPT THAT POLICE CAR CRUISING AROUND!



AND BELOW, THE POLICE CAR DRAWS TO A HALT!

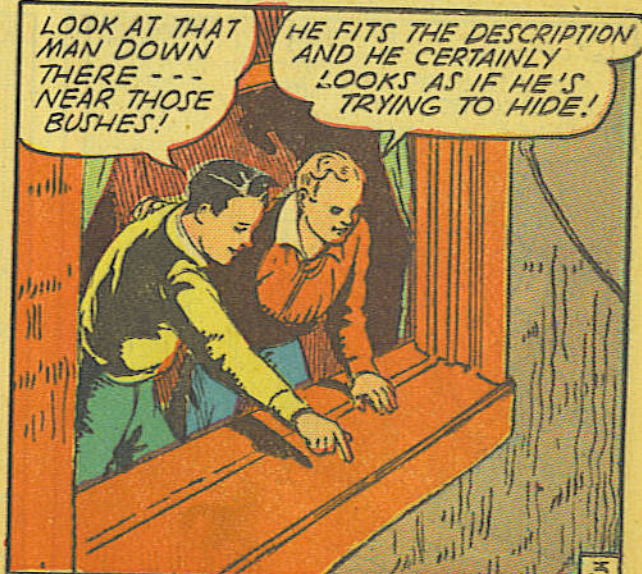
YOU GO THROUGH THE PARK, CASEY-- I'LL SEARCH THE ALLEYS!

OKAY, RAT --- BETTER KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY!



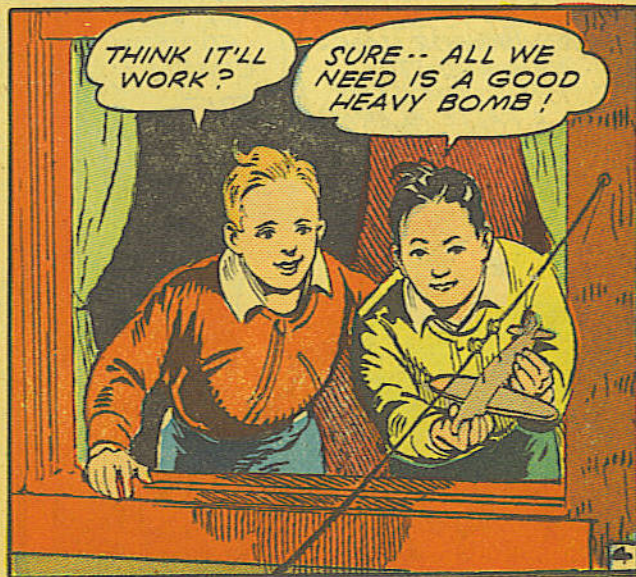
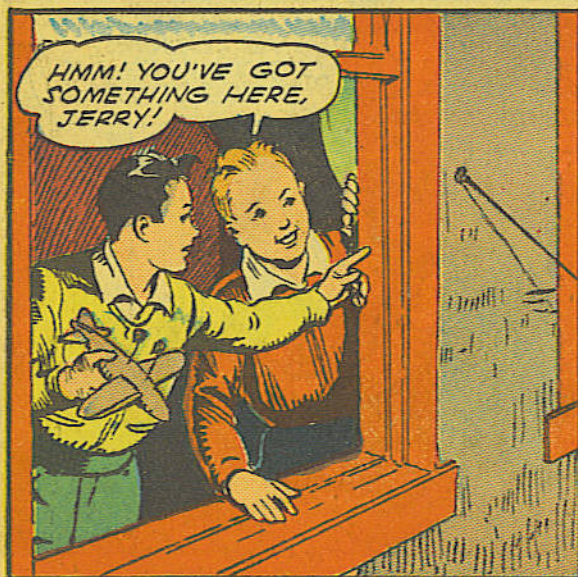
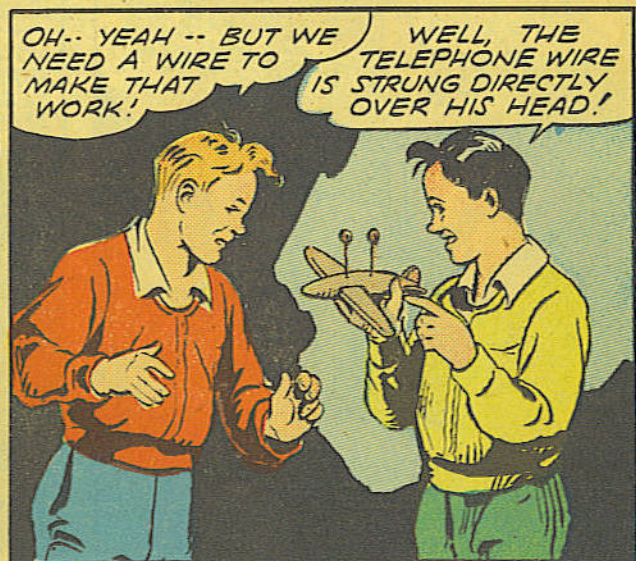
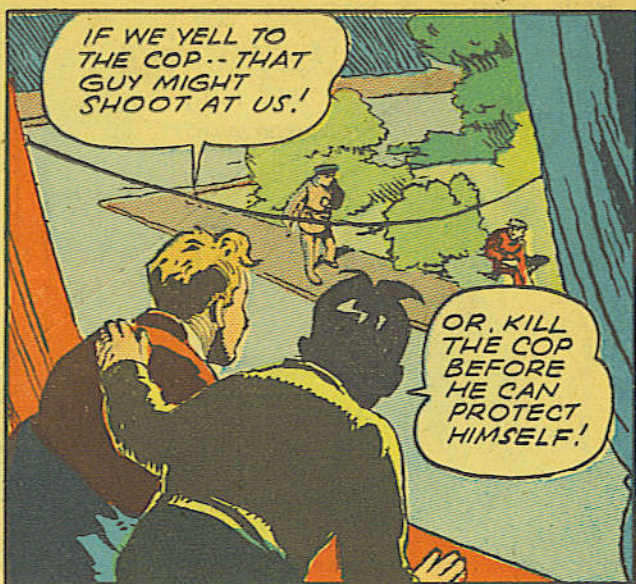
WELL, THEY'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR HALF-AN-HOUR AND STILL NO SIGN-- IT MUST'VE BEEN A FALSE ALARM!

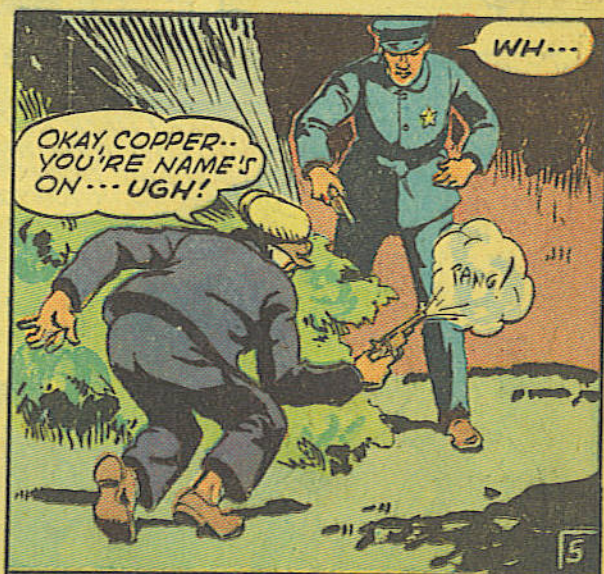
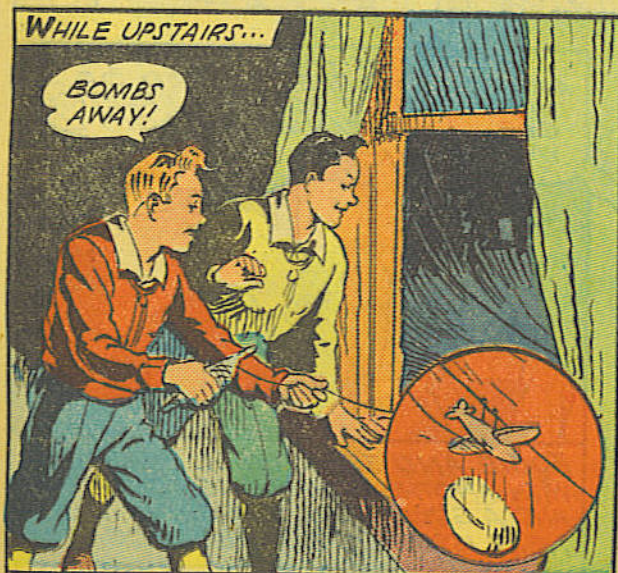
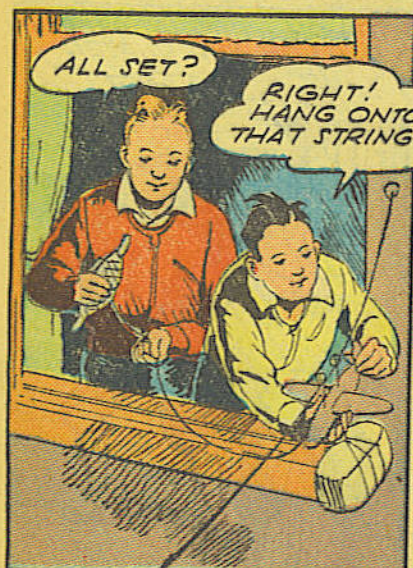
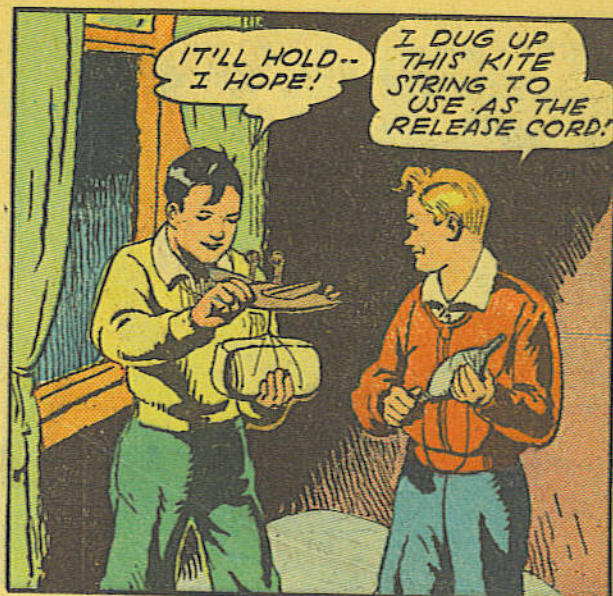
HEY, WAIT! EDDIE-- C'MERE!

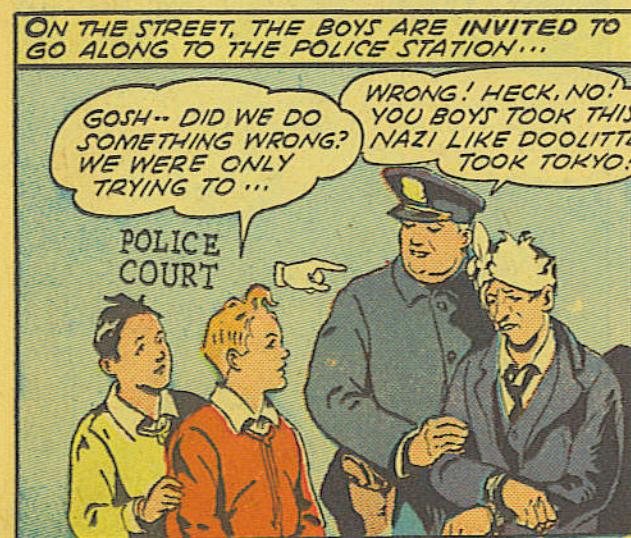


LOOK AT THAT MAN DOWN THERE --- NEAR THOSE BUSHES!

HE FITS THE DESCRIPTION AND HE CERTAINLY LOOKS AS IF HE'S TRYING TO HIDE!







★
**EDISON
BELL**
★ ★

BOMBS

THE AXIS!

---Right in his own back yard!

BY RAY CILL-

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO TAKE A CRACK AT THE CAPITAL CITIES OF THE AXIS ... ALL IN FUN, UNFORTUNATELY --- BUT FUN, NEVERTHELESS! THE SOLID MODEL BOMBER SLIDES DOWN THE LONG, TAUT WIRE UNTIL IT IS OVER THE TARGET ... YOU THEN PULL THE BOMB RELEASE ... AND BOMBS AWAY!

DRAW THE TARGET RIGHT ON THE GROUND, USING THE SIMPLE COMPASS SHOWN BELOW ...

A POINTED STICK
DRAWS A PERFECT
CIRCLE. SHORTEN
THE STRING FOR THE
SMALLER CIRCLES.

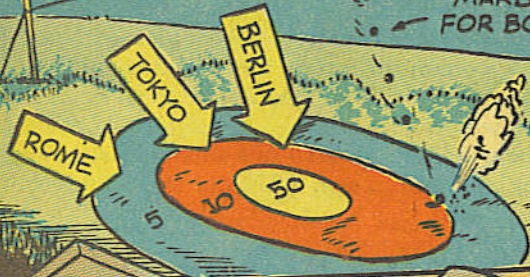
DRIVE STAKE INTO
CENTER OF TARGET
TO BE DRAWN.

LOW END OF
STRING.

THE HIGH END
IS TIED TO A
TREE.

MARBLES
FOR BOMBS

PULLEY



BOMB RELEASE STRING
UNWINDS FROM SPOOL
IN BOX BELOW, TILL
STICK IS PULLED STOP-
PING STRING ... PULLING
RELEASE ON
PLANE ... TO
DROP BOMBS!

BOMB
RELEASE
STICK

PUT WIRE
THROUGH
PULLEYS
BEFORE
TYING.

WIRE

LONG WIRE

BENT
NAILS

RUBBER
BUMPER

PIECE OF
TIN COVERS
HOLE TILL
PULLED AWAY.

BOMBER

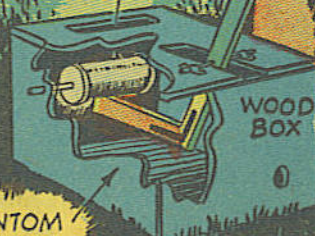
IS MADE OF
SOLID PINE ... ABOUT
18" LONG. SIMPLE
CONSTRUCTION
SHOWN ... FANCY
IT UP AS
MUCH AS
YOU LIKE.

DRILL HOLE THROUGH THE
BODY, INSERT TUBING
LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD
SIX MARBLES.

STRING TO SPOOL
IN BOMB RELEASE BOX.

PHANTOM
VIEW OF
INTERIOR

WOOD
BOX





ARLINE was proud that she could play a part in the defense of her country. But a feeling of uneasiness had overtaken her as she rode the bike through the narrow wooded path toward the Ranger's Post.

She had seen no one since she left the main highway; still she had the feeling that she was being watched.

Her thoughts caused her to work the pedals madly, and she arrived at the post wet with perspiration.

"You raced down the path as if something were after you," Ranger Sweeney smiled. "What brings you out here?"

Arline jumped off the bike and waited to catch her breath before she answered. She couldn't tell the Ranger of her strange feeling. He'd think she was a silly scare cat.

She took an envelope from her blouse pocket, and forcing a smile pointed to the large M on her arm-band. "I'm an Air Raid Warden's messenger," she said.

Ranger Sweeney took the letters. "So they've finally organized you girls and boys," he said, nodding his head approvingly. "That's a swell idea."

Arline straddled the bike. "I'd better hurry back before it gets dark," she said. She pushed away, dreading the ride back over the narrow, wooded path.

Her legs were tiring from over-exertion when she came in sight of the main highway. A few minutes on the highway and she'd be at her home, in Pleasantville.

Suddenly a figure staggered from among the trees near the fork of the road. Arline braked the bike, fear gripping her.

The figure limped toward her. Arline caught her breath, then relaxed. "It's a woman," she told herself. "I've nothing to fear."

"Would you help me?" the woman asked. "I've hurt der ankle."

Arline noticed the broken English, but the woman was tall, blonde and pretty—there was nothing sinister about her.

ANXIOUS to help, Arline placed the bike on the side of the path, then she wrapped the woman's arm around her shoulder for support.

"Ve go dis vay," the woman said, moving toward a foot-path among the trees.

Without hesitation, Arline walked along with her. But as the trees enveloped them, Arline stopped abruptly. "Where are we going?" she asked. "You can't get any aid in here."

"My house, it is only a short vay."

Arline searched her memory. "There is no house in here. There is only the old vacant windmill."

The woman's hand clutched Arline's shoulder in a steel-like grip. A small revolver appeared in her other hand.

"You vill come with me quiet, Arline, yes?"

Fear left Arline speechless.

"Der name is Arline, yes?"

Arline felt long finger nails dig into her shoulder. She nodded.

"Good! Herr Heimster vill be pleased."

The woman no longer pretended to have an injured ankle as she forced Arline to walk ahead to the windmill.

The windmill, situated in a small clearing, was falling apart from age. "Up der steps," the woman ordered.

Inside, a man was sitting on a comfortable chair, alongside what Arline thought to be a short-wave radio set. There was also a cupboard filled with canned goods, and a folding cot. The man took earphones off his head and looked at Arline and the woman. He was tall and broad-shouldered, but his closely shaven head seemed to sit right on top of the shoulders.

"Herr Heimster. Dis is Arline Joyce. She vill show us where Hans slept, so ve can get der book with our agents' names in it."

ASHREWD look appeared in Arline's eyes. "There must be some mistake," she said. "I'm not Arline Joyce. My name is Arline Krause!"

Herr Heimster jumped to his feet. There was murder in his eyes as he stared at Gretzel. "You blundering idiot!" he snapped. "You did not bring der right girl! I wanted der girl whose father our captured comrade vorked for!"

Arline forced a smile. "Are you speaking of Hans, the Joyces' gardener, whom the F.B.I. arrested as a Nazi spy?"

"Ach, the F.B.I., dey are fools," Gretzel scoffed. "Dey neffer found dis place where Hans sent messages to der U-boats."

Herr Heimster's eyes widened. "Shut der mouth, Gretzel," he ordered. "You talk too much and you bring der vrong girl!"

Gretzel studied Arline. "Der girl, she lies," she said doubtfully. "Only dis morning I see her on der lawn of der Joyce house."

Herr Heimster grabbed Arline's wrist. He applied pressure and forced her to her knees. Then he shoved her to the floor.

Arline looked up at Herr Heimster. "I've told the truth. I'm not Arline Joyce. Arline Joyce and I are friends. I must have been waiting on the lawn for her when this lady saw me this morning."

Gretzel pointed her revolver at Arline. "Der girl, she knows too much. Ve should get rid of her!"

"Vait!" Herr Heimster said. He walked as far away from Arline as the small room would permit and motioned Gretzel to follow him.

Arline rose to her feet and watched the two spies as they talked in low tones. Only an occasional word reached her ears.

"You go to der Joyce house much, so you know Hans der gardener, heh?" Arline nodded.

"You know where he slept, heh?"

"Certainly. His quarters were in the room over the garage."

GRETZEL took up the questioning. "You took a message to der ranger to tell him of a test blackout, yes?"

Arline hesitated momentarily, then said, "Yes, there is to be a test blackout tonight at nine-thirty. It is to last for a half hour."

"Goot!" Herr Heimster exclaimed. "Der Amerikan pigs vork hand mit hand vith us. Der girl shall take us to Hans' room while everything is darkened out, and ve shall get der book from der mattress."

Gretzel caught Herr Heimster's spirit. "And ve shall be able to board the U-312 at der Cove before it sails at midnight!"

U-312 at the Cove! Arline held her breath to keep from showing her surprise on her face. There was only one Cove nearby, and it would make a splendid hiding place for a submarine.

But who would think the Nazis would be so brazen as to hide on the coast of New Jersey?

IT WAS almost nine-thirty when Arline led Herr Heimster and Gretzel across the lawn toward the garage.

Herr Heimster laughed softly. "Make sure dat ve don't be seen. Krause, is a German name—and if ve are caught you are caught, and der fools of der F.B.I. vill arrest you and your parents as Nazis, too!"

Arline shuddered as she reached the garage door. Gretzel pushed Arline inside ahead of her. Herr Heimster followed them.

Arline's hand moved along the dark wall. Her fingers found a push button. She pressed against it.

The wail of a siren, atop the garage roof, split the silence of the night.

"Vot is dat?" Herr Heimster asked excitedly.

"The air raid alarm," Arline said softly, "and here is the stairway to Hans' bedroom."

With catlike steps Herr Heimster raced up the stairs. Gretzel held on to Arline's arm and waited. "He von't be long. Ve know dat Hans hid der book in der upper right hand corner of der bed mattress." In a few minutes Herr Heimster returned. "I haff it!" he exclaimed.

Hurriedly the three stepped outside.

A DOZEN flashlights suddenly beamed into their faces! Herr Heimster's hand moved to a shoulder holster, and Gretzel dug into her pocket for her gun. But eager hands disarmed them.

"Der girl, and her parents," Herr Heimster shouted in desperation, "dey are spies, too!"

Arline smiled. "Don't mind him, Daddy," she said. "I told these smart Nazi spies that I wasn't Arline Joyce, because I wanted to confuse them. I also told them that there was to be a test blackout tonight, because I knew the air raid wardens were holding a meeting here. Then I blew the siren, hoping that you'd all come to investigate the false alarm, and would capture these spies—and the important book Hans left behind!"

"You've done a good job, Arline, and I'm proud of you," Mr. Joyce said with pride.

Arline yawned and rubbed her eyes. "There's something else, Daddy. There's a U-boat hiding in the Cove. It's going to leave at midnight."

"What!" chorused the air raid wardens.

Mr. Joyce raced toward the house. "I'm going to notify the Coast Guard," he shouted. "Arline, you've just caught a fish!"

THE END

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES



AND, IN ONE SINGLE ENGAGEMENT OFF TUNISIA IN THE NORTH AFRICA CAMPAIGN, THEY DOWNED 77 PLANES, THE GREATEST SINGLE AERIAL VICTORY IN HISTORY UP TO THAT TIME!

HOW IT BEGAN-- THE FAMOUS U.S. 57TH FIGHTER GROUP OF THE ALLIED DESERT AIR FORCE TAKES OFF ON PATROL!



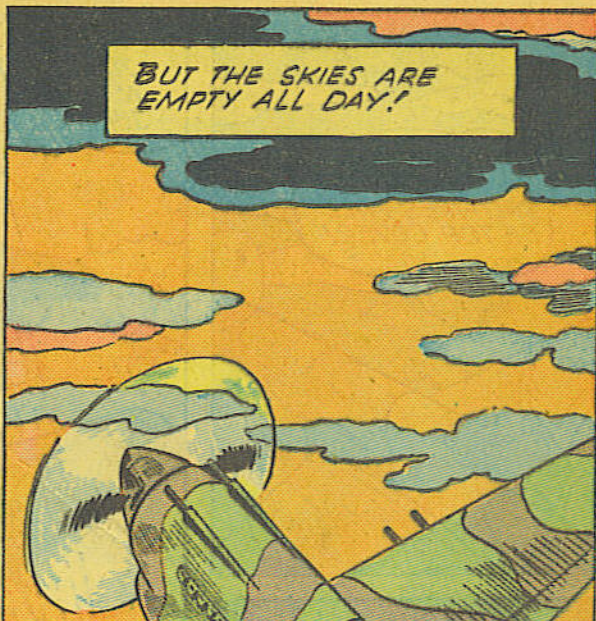
O.K., BLACK SCORPIONS, FIGHTING COCKS, AND EXTERMINATORS -- HUNTING OUGHT TO BE GOOD OFF CAPE BON!



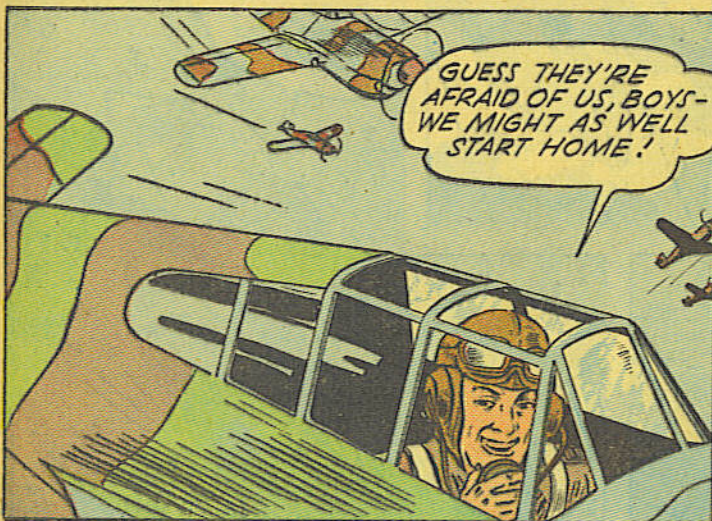
THE P-40'S ARE JOINED
BY ENGLISH SPIT-
FIRES -- THE NAZIS
ARE ON THE RUN
IN TUNISIA AND
EVERY ALLIED
PLANE IS OUT
FOR THE KILL!



BUT THE SKIES ARE
EMPTY ALL DAY!



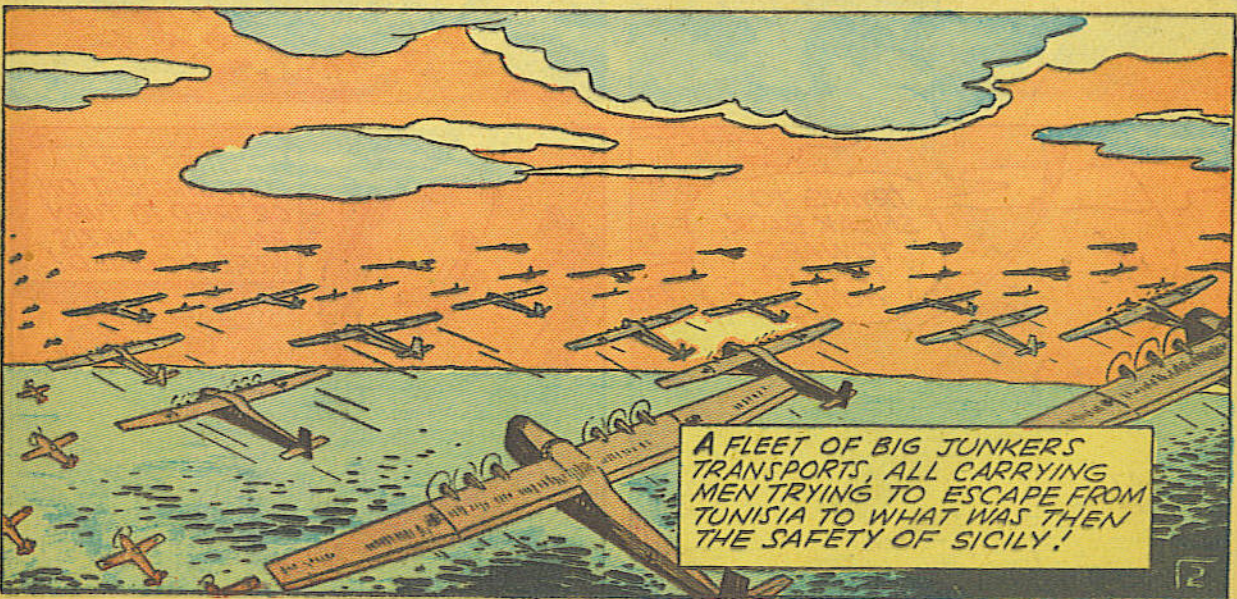
GUESS THEY'RE
AFRAID OF US, BOYS--
WE MIGHT AS WELL
START HOME!

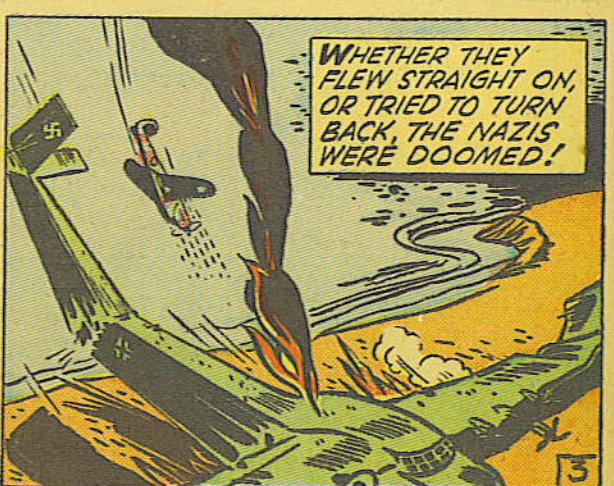
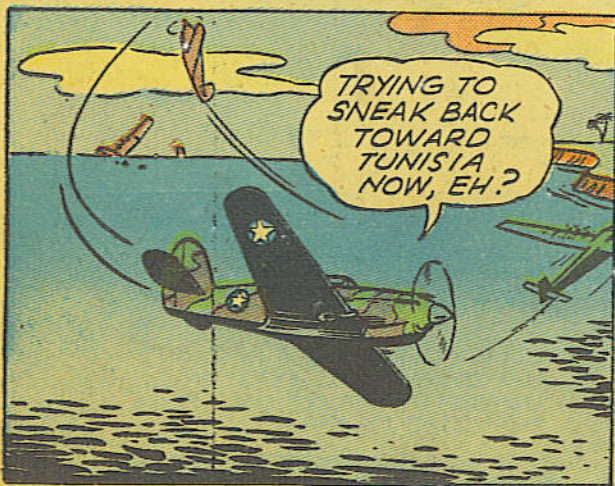
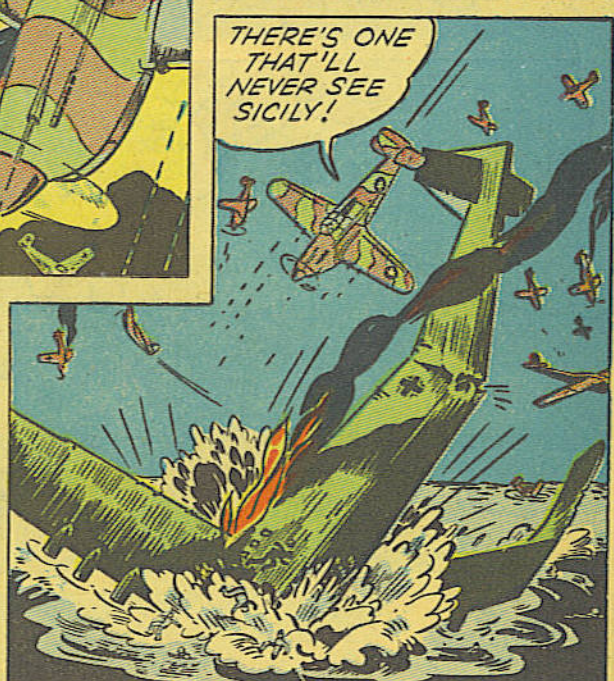
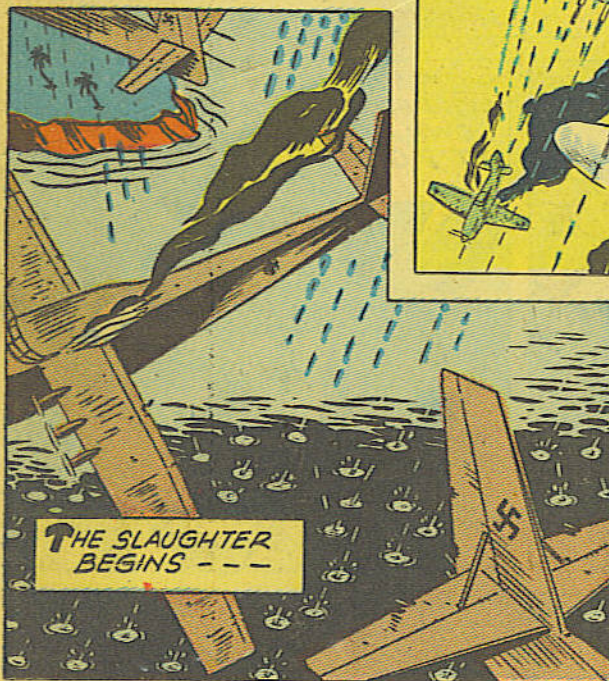
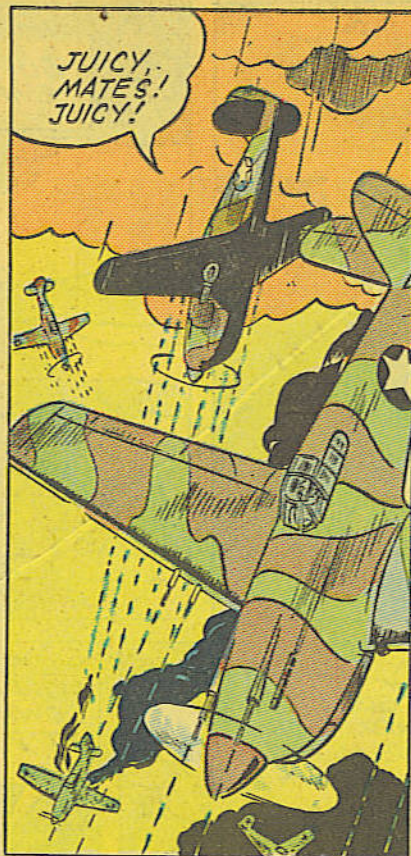


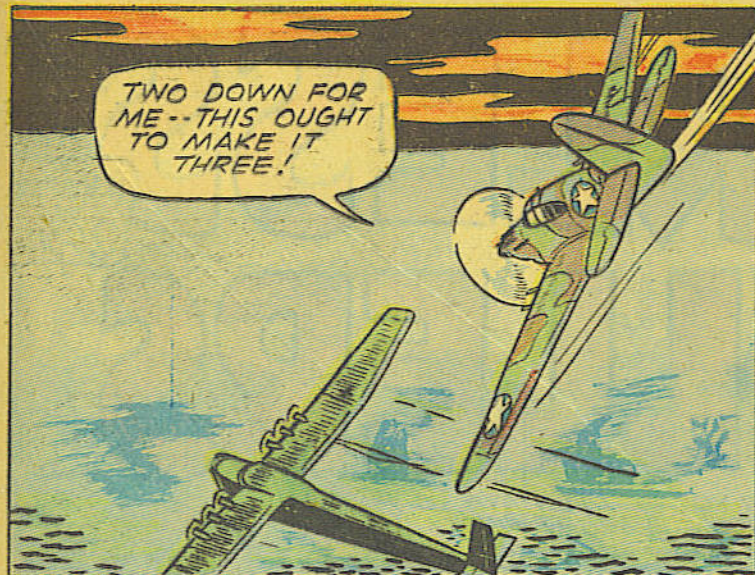
WAIT A MINUTE,
SKIPPER -- LOOK
DOWN THERE
AT 8 O'CLOCK!



A FLEET OF BIG JUNKERS
TRANSPORTS, ALL CARRYING
MEN TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM
TUNISIA TO WHAT WAS THEN
THE SAFETY OF SICILY!



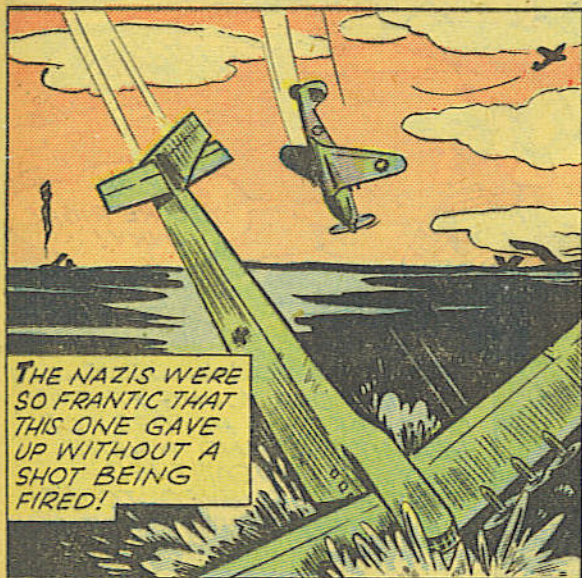




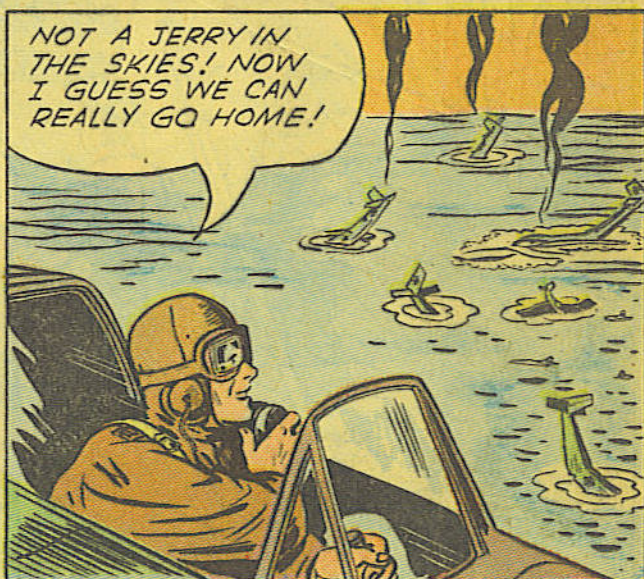
TWO DOWN FOR ME--THIS OUGHT TO MAKE IT THREE!



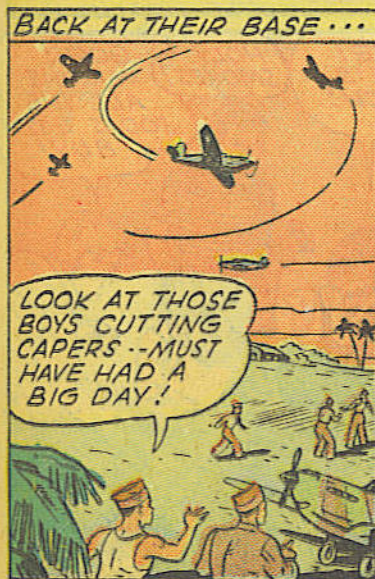
OH, HANG -- OUT OF AMMUNITION! MAYBE I CAN FORCE HIM DOWN!



THE NAZIS WERE SO FRANTIC THAT THIS ONE GAVE UP WITHOUT A SHOT BEING FIRED!



NOT A JERRY IN THE SKIES! NOW I GUESS WE CAN REALLY GO HOME!



LOOK AT THOSE BOYS CUTTING CAPERS -- MUST HAVE HAD A BIG DAY!



THE SCORE'S ALL IN, BOYS--
58 JUNKERS
TRANSPORTS AND
19 FIGHTERS!
77 PLANES IN ALL!

Junkers 58
Fighters 19
Grand Total 77



THAT WAS SOME FIGHT BUT WHAT CHANCE DID THE NAZIS HAVE AGAINST OUR WARHAWKS!

FEARLESS FELLERS

H. KIEFER
AND
RAY TILL



AH TELLS YO
WE'RE RICH!

I'LL HAVE TO
SEE IT FIRST!

I HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT,
INKY!

WE FIND OUR YOUNG FRIENDS
ON A RAFT --- HEADED FOR
HERMIT'S ISLAND WHERE
INKY HAS UNEARTHED
WHAT HE BELIEVED TO BE--
BURIED TREASURE!

WHEE-- THE
MARINES
HAVE
LANDED!

FIRST ONE
TO THE
TREASURE CAN
SPLIT IT UP!

NAW--
WE'RE
PIRATES!

THAT IS-- IF
THERE REALLY
IS ANY!

IT'S HERE
ALL RIGHT!

SEE!
WE'S
RICH!

HOLY
SMOKES!

GOSH!
IMAGINE
ALL THE
SODAS THIS'LL
BUY!



SO-- A SHORT
TIME LATER...

UMM!

FOUR
MORE,
PLEASE!

SURE--
FILL 'EM UP
AGAIN!

FOUR ICE CREAM
SODAS AFTER THAT--

SAY, ARE YOU KIDS
SURE YOU CAN PAY
FOR THIS?

YUP--
YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
WORRY
ABOUT
THAT!

I'M BEGINNING
TO THINK I DO!

O.K.! SHOW
HIM, INKY!

HERE! WE'VE
GOT 'NUFF
MONEY TO
BUY ALL THE
SODAS IN THE
WORLD!

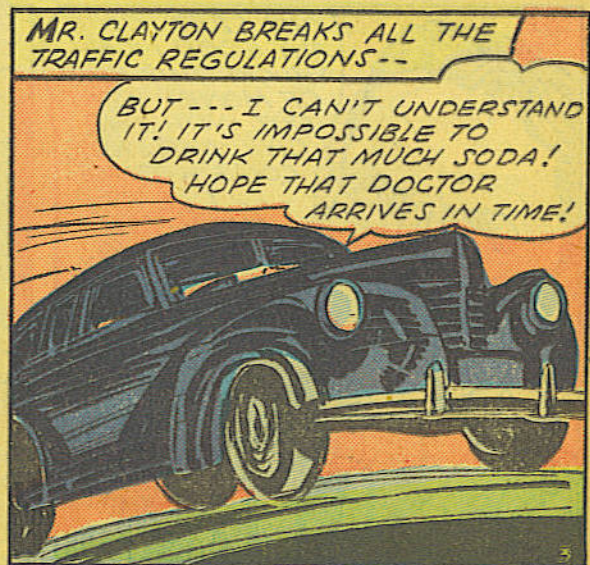
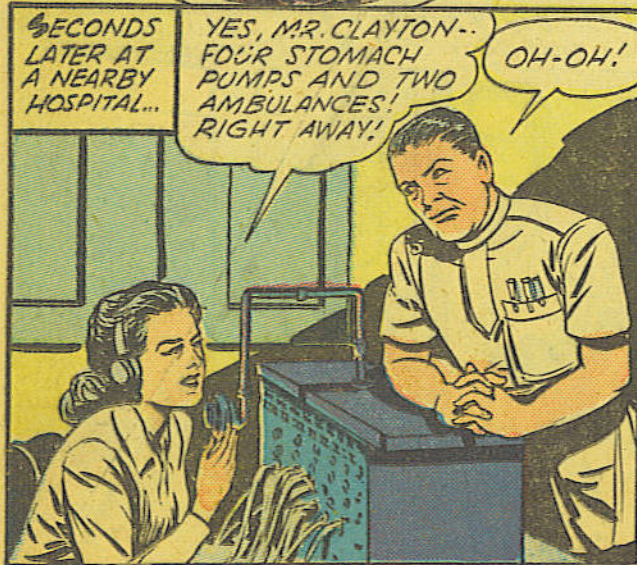
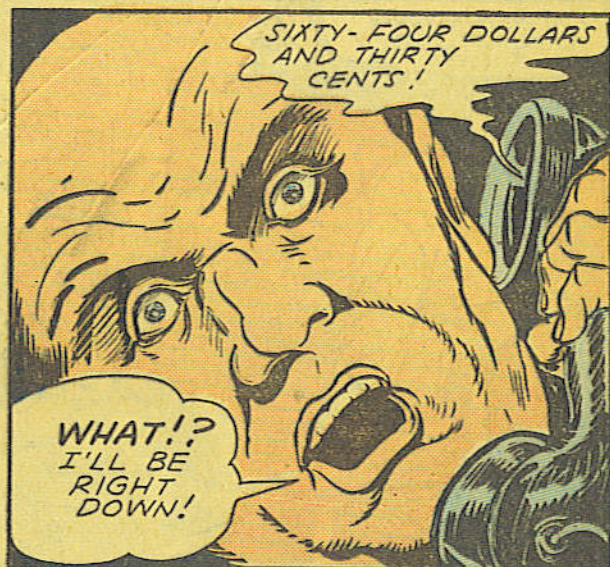
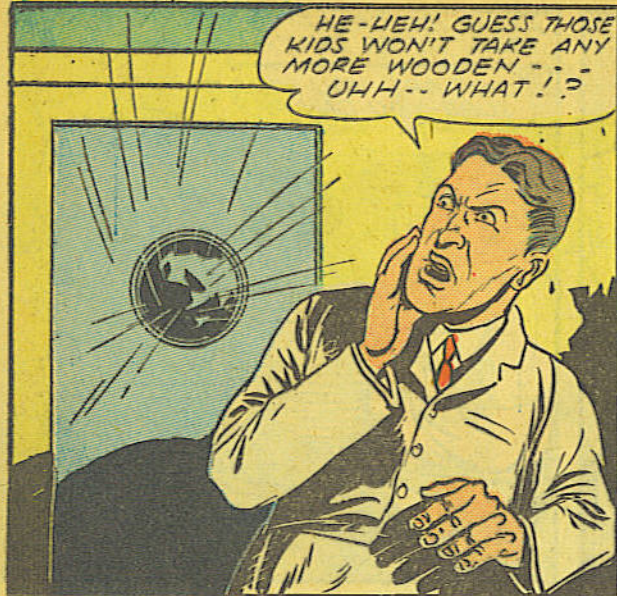
HUH-- HEY! THIS IS CONFED-
ERATE MONEY!

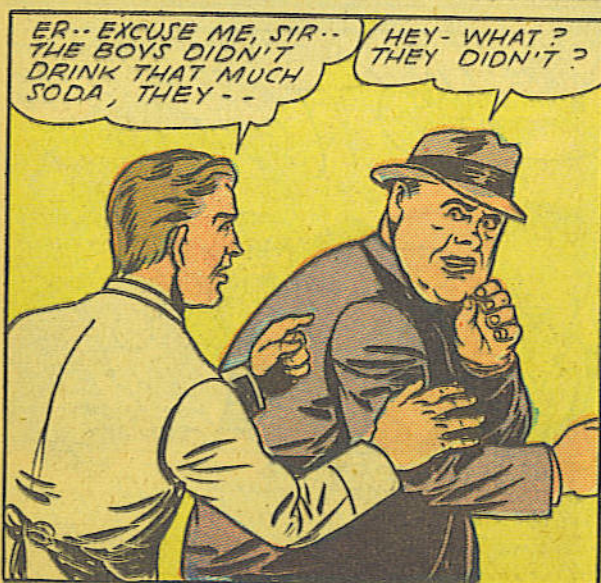
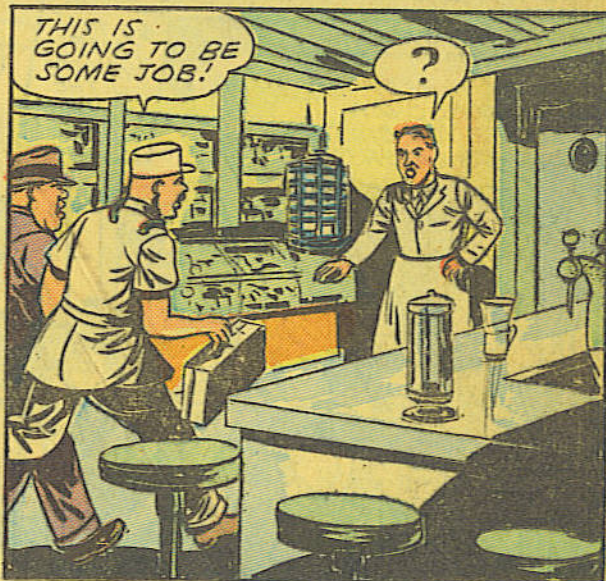
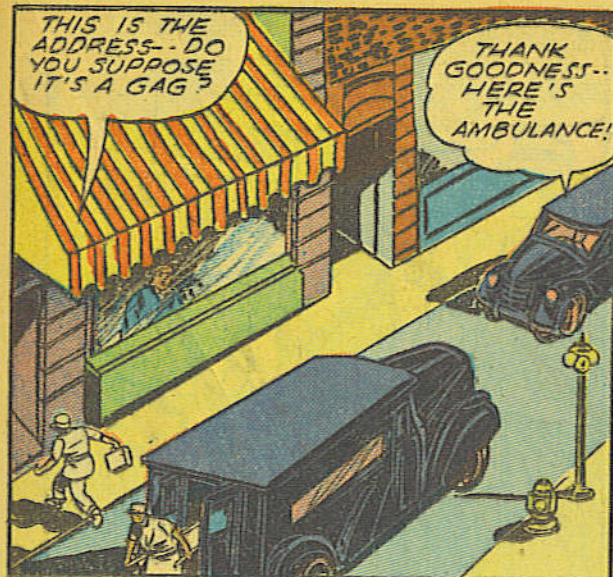
IT IS? WELL,
ANYHOW IT'S
MONEY!

THIS STUFF ISN'T
ANY GOOD NOW--
SHUCKS, THIS KIND
OF MONEY WENT
OUT WITH THE
CIVIL WAR! NOW,
COME WITH ME
--- I'LL
SHOW YOU
SOMETHING!

DISHES-- DIRTY DISHES!
O.K.-- GET TO WORK!

I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN IT WOULD
TURN OUT LIKE
THIS!

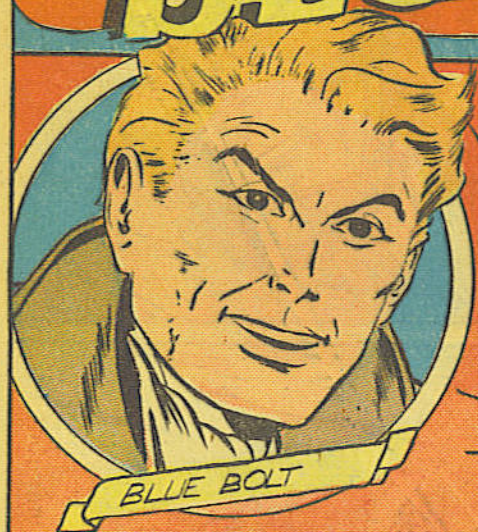






BLUE BOLT

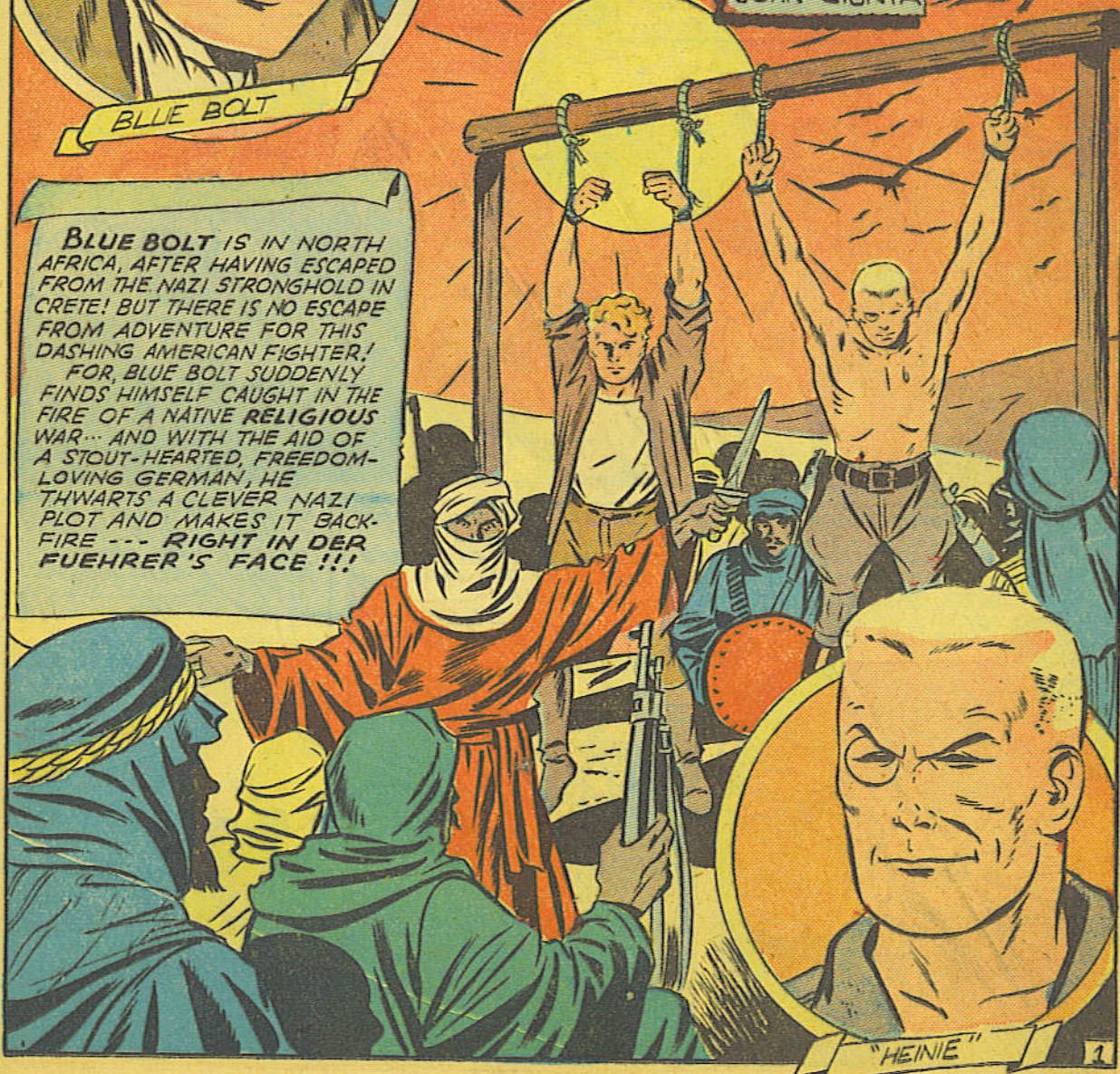
THE AMERICAN



INTRODUCING
"HEINIE" BLUE BOLT'S
NEW DAREDEVIL
BUDDY --

by
DAN
BARRY
AND
JOHN GIUNTA

BLUE BOLT IS IN NORTH AFRICA, AFTER HAVING ESCAPED FROM THE NAZI STRONGHOLD IN CRETE! BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM ADVENTURE FOR THIS DASHING AMERICAN FIGHTER! FOR, BLUE BOLT SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN THE FIRE OF A NATIVE RELIGIOUS WAR... AND WITH THE AID OF A STOUT-HEARTED, FREEDOM-LOVING GERMAN, HE THWARTS A CLEVER NAZI PLOT AND MAKES IT BACK-FIRE --- RIGHT IN DER FUEHRER'S FACE !!!

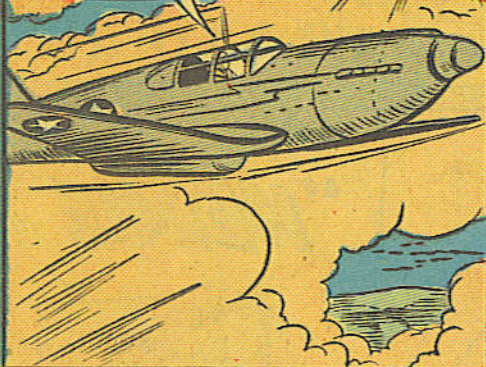


"HEINIE"

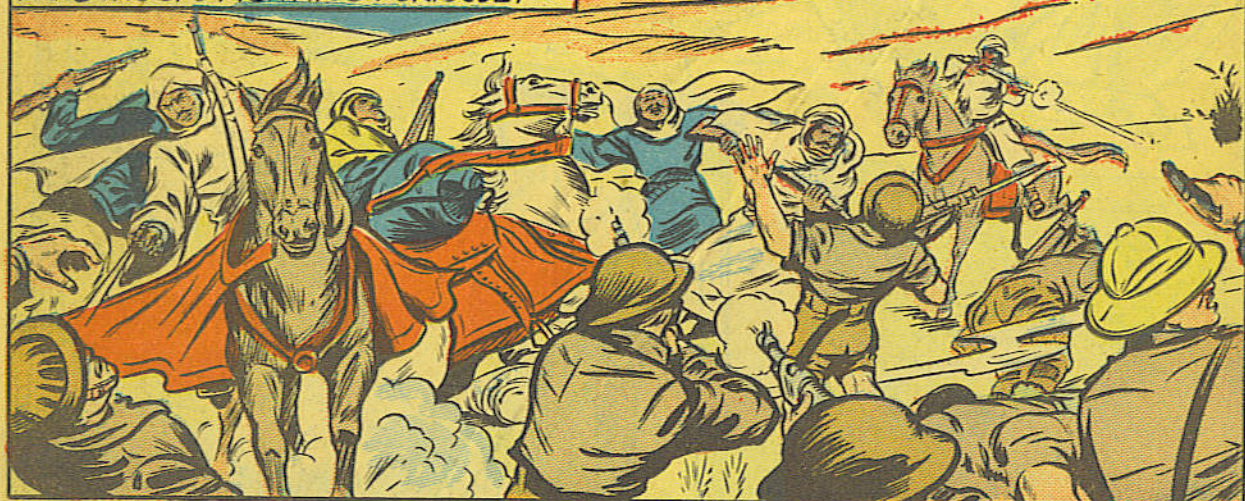
A
QUIET
DAY OVER
THE HOT
MOROCCAN
DESERT...A
SLEEK P-51
APACHE CUTS
THROUGH
THE SUNNY
SKIES ON
RECONNAISSANCE
PATROL...
BLUE BOLT
AT THE
CONTROLS!

WELL, IT'S GOOD TO BE
BEHIND THE CONTROLS OF
A GOOD OLD AMERICAN
SHIP! AND BACK WITH MY
OWN MEN! THE RUSSIANS
AND CRETANS WERE
SWELL BUT - - -

-- THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
THE U.S.A. -- SAY, WHAT'S
THAT DOWN
THERE?



BELOW, BLUE BOLT SEES BRITISH AND
ARAB TROOPS FIGHTING FURIOUSLY...



OH, OH -- THOSE ARABS ARE
UP TO NO GOOD -- THEY OUT-
NUMBER THAT PATROL TEN
TO ONE! THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE
OF THOSE RELIGIOUS UPRIS-
INGS I'VE BEEN
HEARING ABOUT!



BY ALLAH! THE WHITE MAN'S
DEMON-BIRD IS SLAYING
OUR NUMBERS! DISPERSE
QUICKLY! TO THE
HILLS!



YIPPEE!
THEY'RE
GONE!
HE DID
IT!

WHAT A
FLIER! YEA!
HE SAVED
OUR NECKS!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, BLUE BOLT CARRIES ON HIS OWN INVESTIGATION OF THE INCIDENT ---

HMM - EVERYTHING SEEMS QUIET-- NO SIGN OF TROUBLE -- WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



THIS GUY IS A NAZI, OR I'LL EAT MY HAT! AND, THEY FOUND A KRUPP GUN ON ONE OF THOSE ARABS! THAT ADDS UP TO SOMETHING-- BUT WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW A GERMAN CAN WALK FREELY THROUGH THE STREETS!



EITHER HE'S PRETTY BRAVE, OR AWFULLY STUPID! ANYWAY, I'LL KEEP ON HIS TRAIL -- MAYBE HE'LL LEAD ME TO A HIDEOUT--

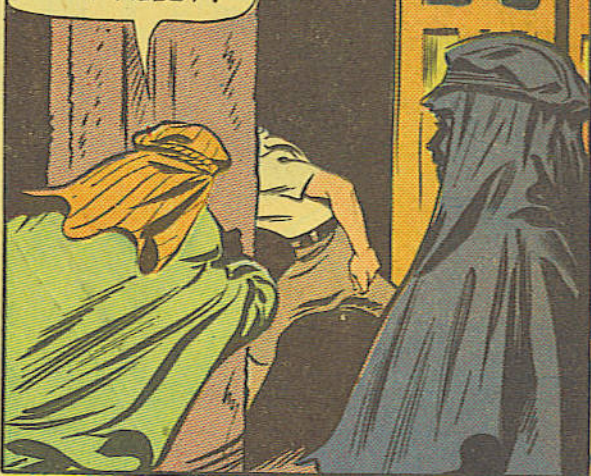


BUT THE GERMAN IS NOT UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED!

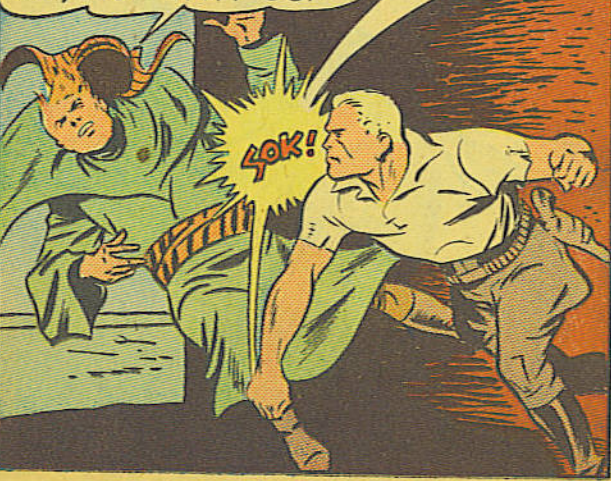
HMM-- SO I AM BEING TAILED!



OH OH! HE'S DUCKING INTO THAT ALLEY!

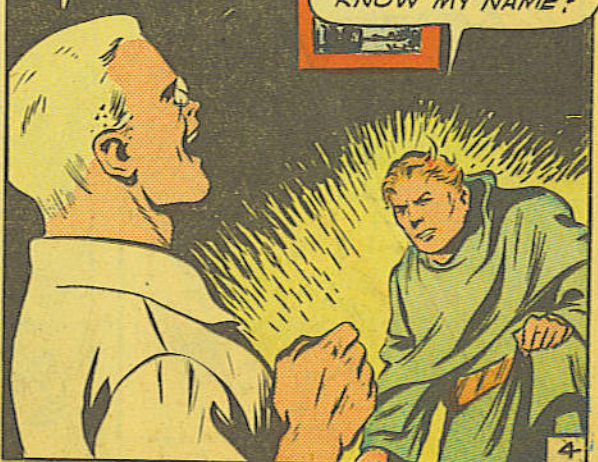


AS BLUE BOLT ROUNDS THE CORNER-- HEY, YOU -- STOP! OOF --



MY GOOTNESS! VY, YOU ARE DER FAMOUS BLUE BOLTER! HA, HA HO, HA HA!

WHAT'S THE JOKE, YOU LAUGHIN' HEINIE! AND, HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?



PARDON ME FOR LAUGHING! THAT STILL I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN ARAB THIEF! HA! HA! EXPLAIN HOW YOU DO LOOK FUNNY IN DOT BEDSHEET!

AFRICA, HEINIE!

VY SHOULDN'T I KNOW DER GREAT BLUE BOLTER! DOESN'T EVERY AMERICAN KNOW OF YOU?

AMERICANS, YEAH! BUT YOU'RE A...

NO! I AM KARL VON RICHENSTOSS! BORN IN BROOKLYN, RAISED IN GERMANY!

VEN I CAME BACK TO AMERICA, I WAS HIRED AS A SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVE-- HERE ARE MY PAPERS! BUT VOT ARE YOU DOINK HERE?

I'M TRYING TO TRACK DOWN SOME NAZIS WHO ARE BEHIND A RELIGIOUS WAR!

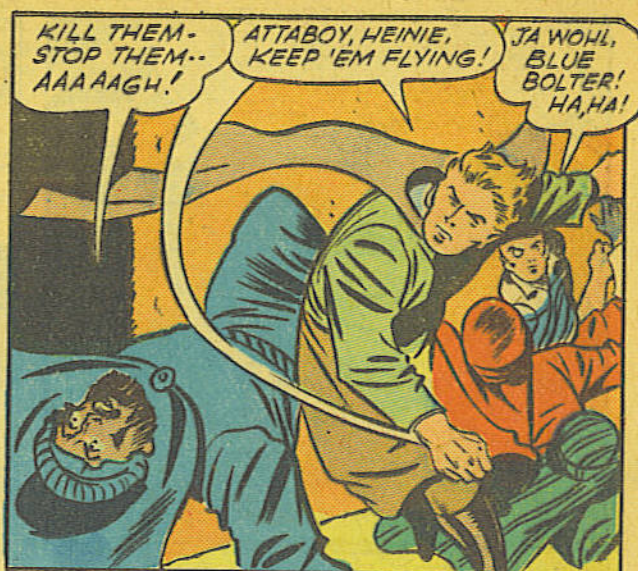
GET THEM, MEN! THEY ARE INFIDELS-- SPIES!

WHILE BLUE BOLT AND HEINIE HOLD THEIR PRIVATE ARGUMENT DANGER HAS CREPT UP FROM BEHIND--

HOLY--LOOK! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

C'MON, HEINIE, LET'S MIX IT UP WITH THESE MONKEYS!

INFIDEL DOG-- --AAGH!

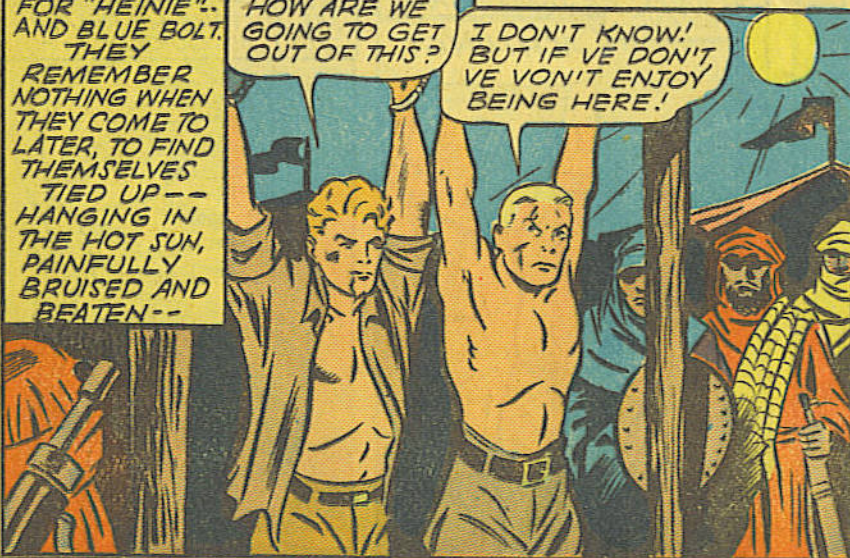


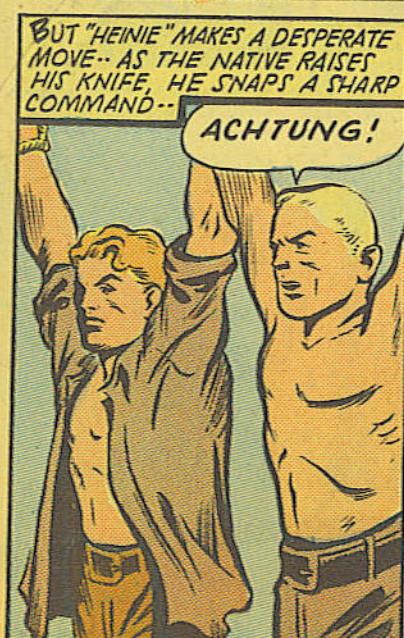
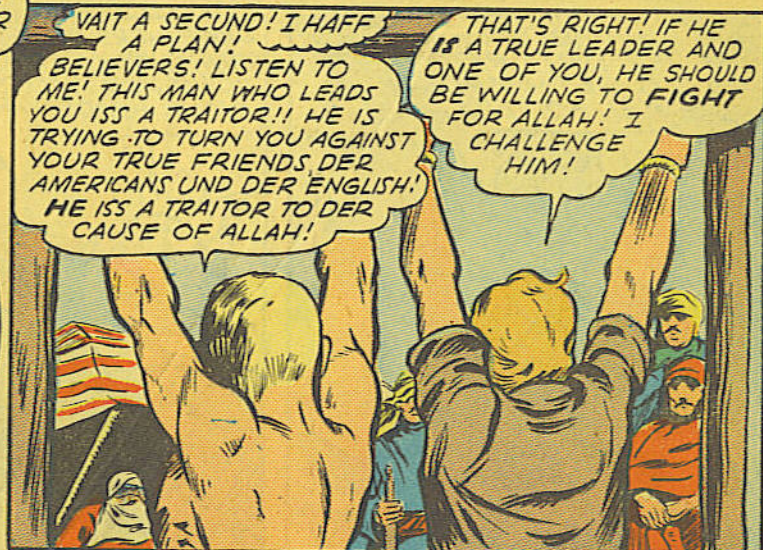
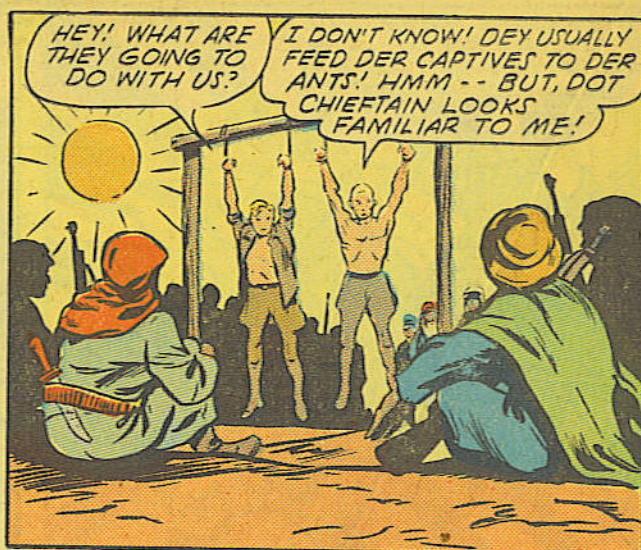
ALL IS BLACK FOR "HEINIE".. AND BLUE BOLT. THEY REMEMBER NOTHING WHEN THEY COME TO LATER, TO FIND THEMSELVES TIED UP-- HANGING IN THE HOT SUN, PAINFULLY BRUISED AND BEATEN--

WHAT A MESS! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT IF VE DON'T VE VON'T ENJOY BEING HERE!

WELL, LOOKS AS IF WE'RE GOING TO GET THE WHOLE PROGRAM TODAY! THE BIG CHEESE IS GOING TO TALK!





THE NATIVES NOTICE THIS AND START TO CLOSE IN, SUSPICIOUSLY--

DERE! YOU SEE! HE ISS A NAZI! HE ISS AN IMPOSTER WHO HAS TRICKED YOU! CUT ME LOOSE AND I'LL PROVE IT!

NO! NO! THIS MAN LIES! IN ALLAH'S NAME, I SPEAK THE TRUTH! THESE INFIDELS ARE TRYING TO MISGUIDE YOU! SILENCE THEM! SHOOT THEM!

BAH! MIGHTY KHAN TURNS COWARD! HE IS NO TRUE LEADER OF THE SONS OF ALLAH!

CUT DOWN ONE WHITE MAN! WE SEE IF HE WILL FIGHT!



THE NATIVES FREE HEINIE --

OKAY, BUDDY, NOW I GIFF YOU ONE BIG LICKINK!

NO! WAIT! KILL HIM! ALLAH COMMANDS--

YOU FIGHT, KHAN!



IT'S TOO LATE TO BACK OUDT NOW!



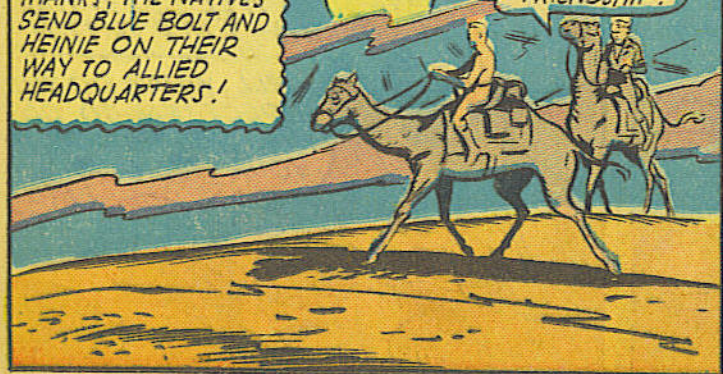
HA! LOOK! HE ISS NOT ONE OF YOU! HE HASS FAIR HAIR -- LIKE ME! BUT, HE ISS ONE OF DER ENEMY! HE TRICKED YOU!



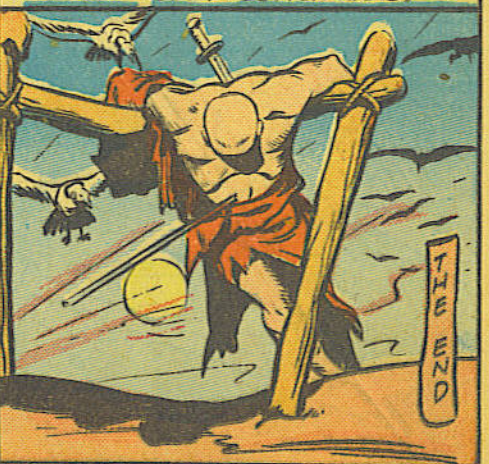
ALL ENDS WELL! THE NATIVES REALIZE THEY HAVE BEEN DUPED AND DECLARE A TRUCE WITH BLUE BOLT AND HEINIE! THE RELIGIOUS WAR IS OVER! WITH A WORD OF THANKS, THE NATIVES SEND BLUE BOLT AND HEINIE ON THEIR WAY TO ALLIED HEADQUARTERS!

JA WOHL-- VEN I SAID "ACHTUNG" WHICH ISS DER CHERMAN VORD FOR ATTENTION, AND HE OBEYED-- I WAS SURE!

THAT WAS SURE USING THE OLD BEAN, HEINIE! YEP, I THINK THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!



AND, AS BLUE BOLT AND HEINIE RIDE INTO THE SUNSET, THEY LEAVE THE TREACHEROUS NAZI IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE HE SO GREATLY WRONGED! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN LEFT IN BETTER HANDS--



THE END

KRISKO *and* JASPER

THE "SEA-BEES" (CONSTRUCTION BATTALION) GET READY TO MOVE INTO ADVANCED POSITIONS-- KRISKO AND JASPER ARE SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!

HAVE THE MEN READY TO GO ABOARD IN HALF AN HOUR, J.G.

YES, SIR!

SO YOU WANNA FIGHT, EH!-- WELL, THE SEABEES WILL SHOW YOU PLENTY!

YES, SIR, MR. ENSIGN!

BY JACIL A. WARREN

THE "SEA-BEES" MOVE UP IN LANDING BARGES.

HEY, ENSIGN, THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT US!

SO WHAT? DO YOU WANNA GET OUT AND WALK?

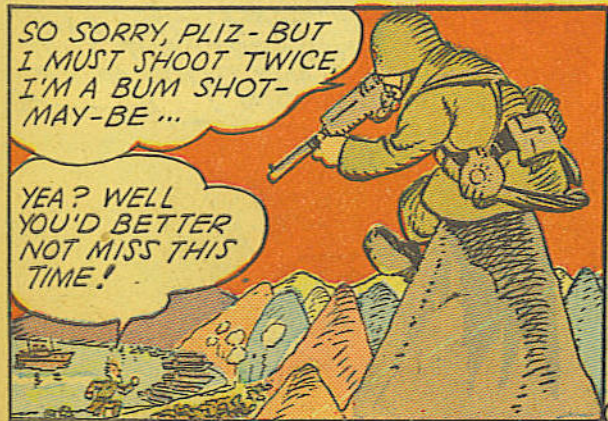
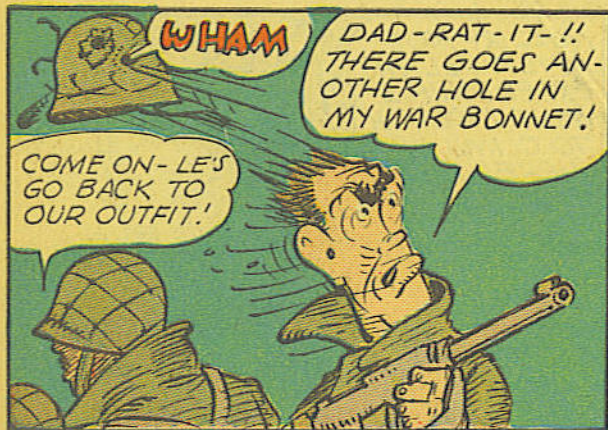
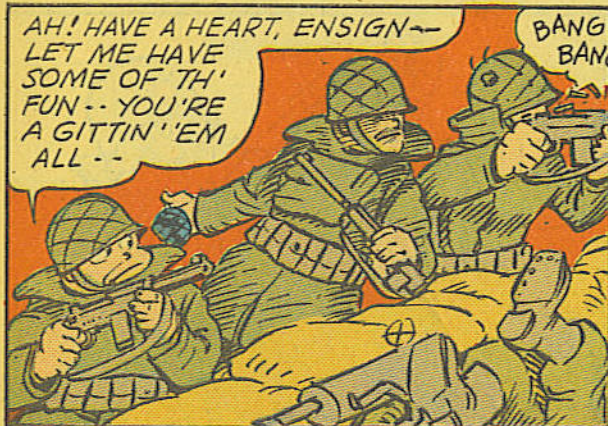
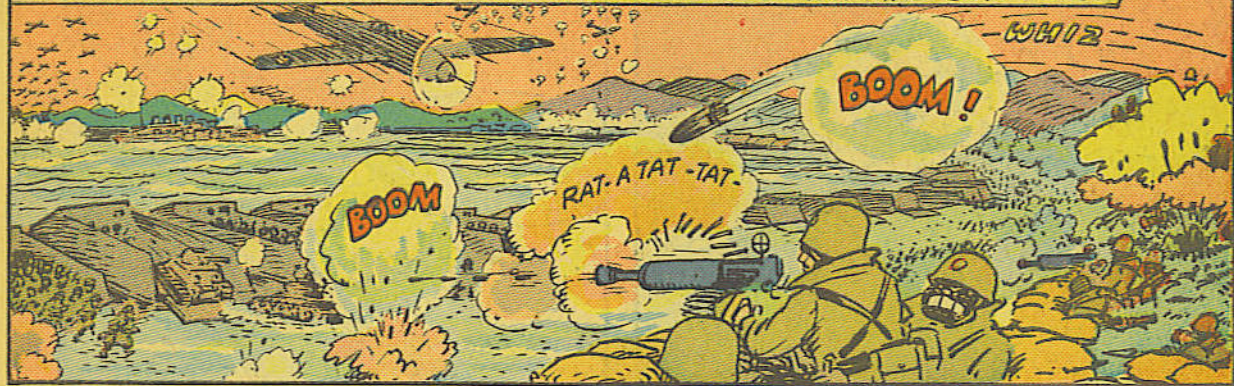
DAD-BLAST YUH! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME AND GIT AWAY WITH IT!

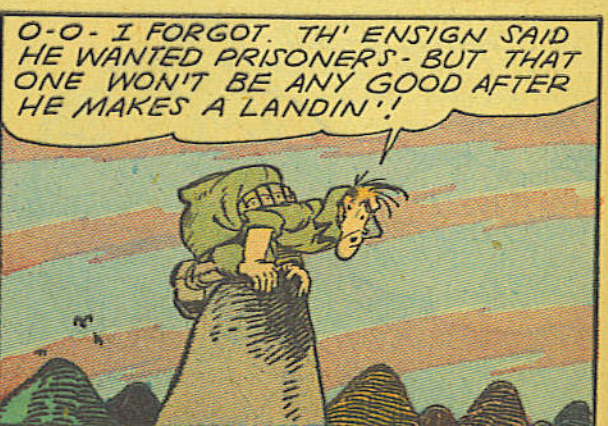
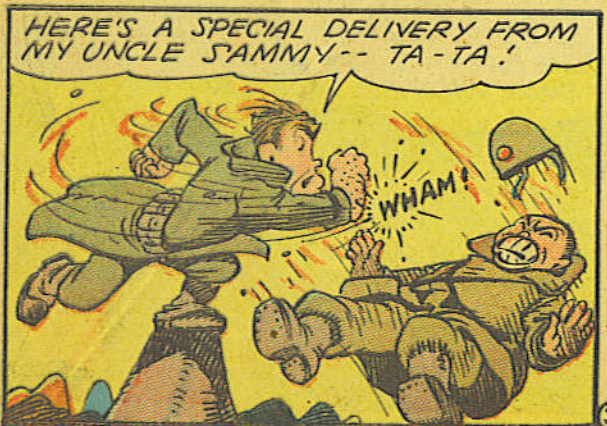
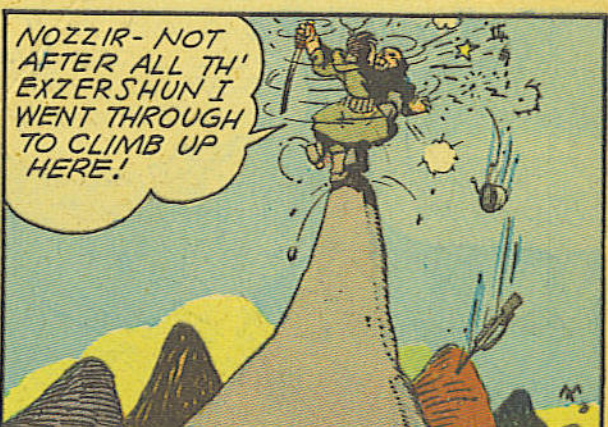
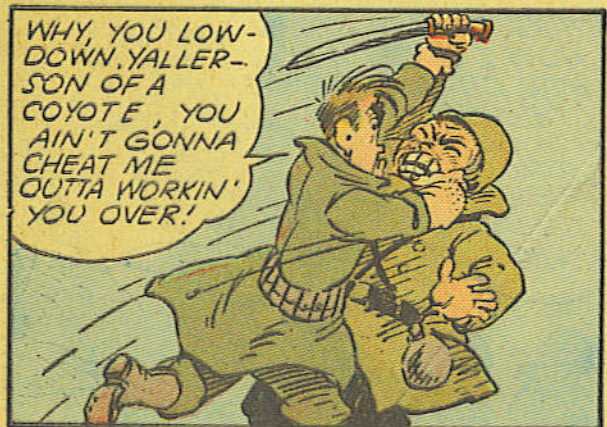
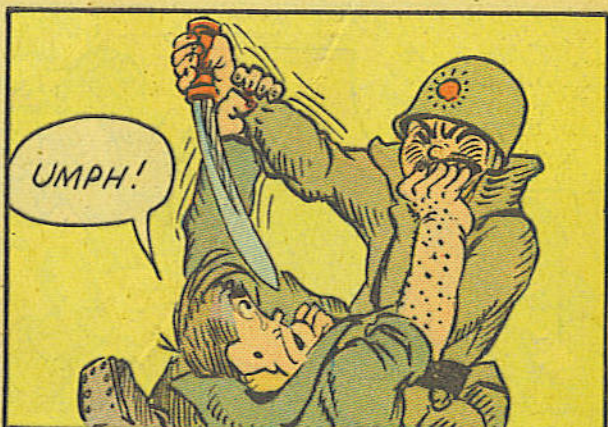
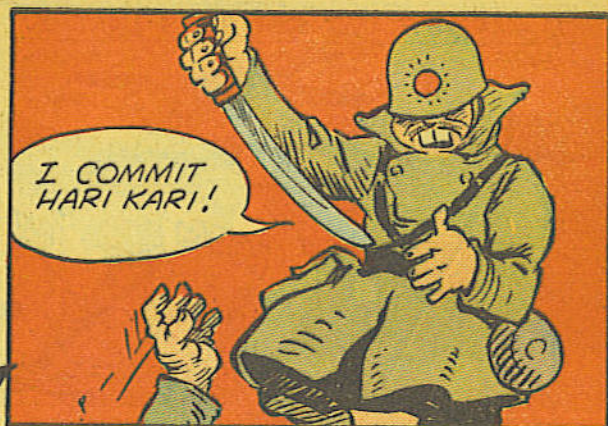
'PING
SIT DOWN!

LOOKY-THERE! A HOLE IN MY NEW WAR BONNET- NOW IT'LL LEAK- DAH-GON THEM MONKEYS- I'M A GITTIN' A MAD ON!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT 'EM TO DO? KISS YOU?-STICKIN' YOUR NECK OUT LIKE THAT!

THE MARINES AND SEA-BEES LAND IN THE FACE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.







HEY- HOW DID I
EVER GIT UP
HERE?

AND HOW
AM I
GONNA
GIT
DOWN?



YOO-HOO-OO-KRISKO-ENSIGN-
GIT ME DOWN FROM HERE- WHY-
WHY- THEY'RE A-GOIN'-AWAY
AND LEAVIN' ME UP
HERE!



WAY DOWN BELOW KRISKO AND THE
ENSIGN --

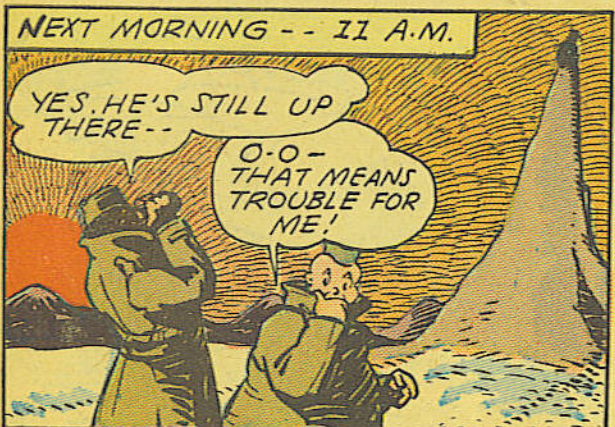
WELL, LET'S GO BACK
TO OUR OUTFIT - IT'S
GETTING DARK!

WHAT ABOUT
JASPER UP
THERE?



HE CLIMBED UP
THERE WHEN HE
WAS MAD - SO LET
HIM GET MAD
ENOUGH TO CLIMB
DOWN!

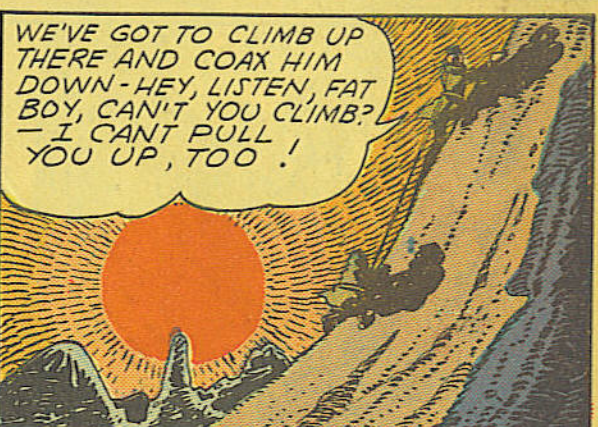
HE'S NOT AGOIN'
TO LIKE THAT-
- BUT, MR.
ENSIGN, YOU'VE
GOT AN IDEA
THERE!



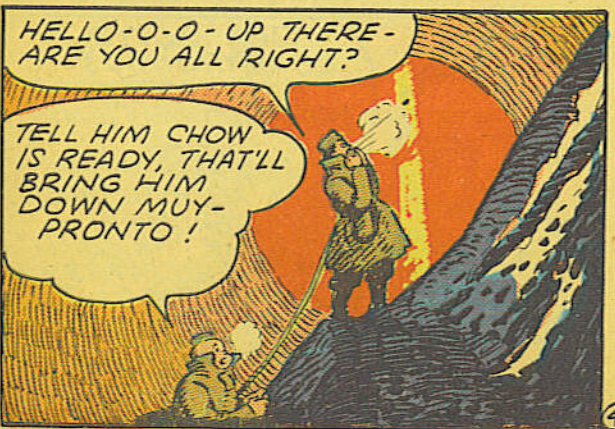
NEXT MORNING -- 11 A.M.

YES, HE'S STILL UP
THERE--

O-O-
THAT MEANS
TROUBLE FOR
ME!

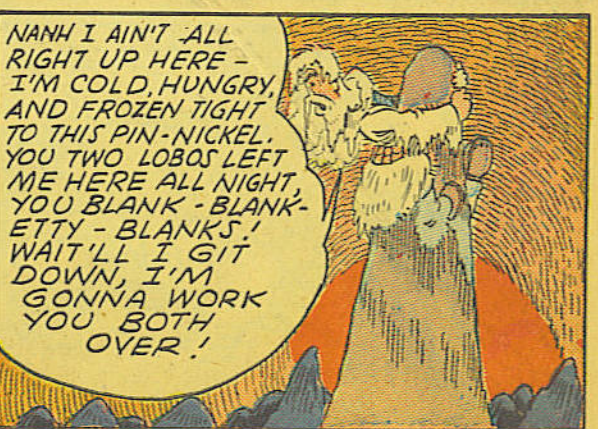


WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB UP
THERE AND COAX HIM
DOWN - HEY, LISTEN, FAT
BOY, CAN'T YOU CLIMB?
- I CAN'T PULL
YOU UP, TOO!

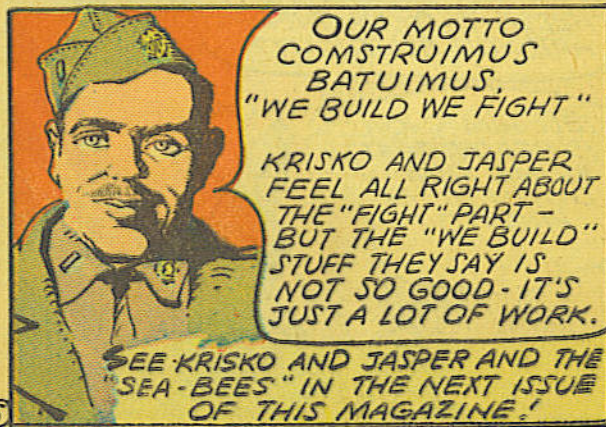
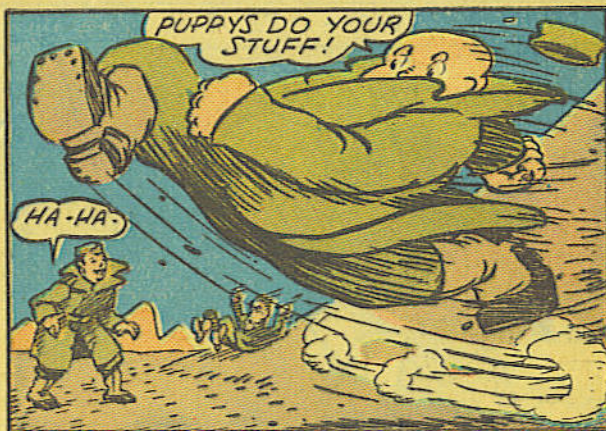
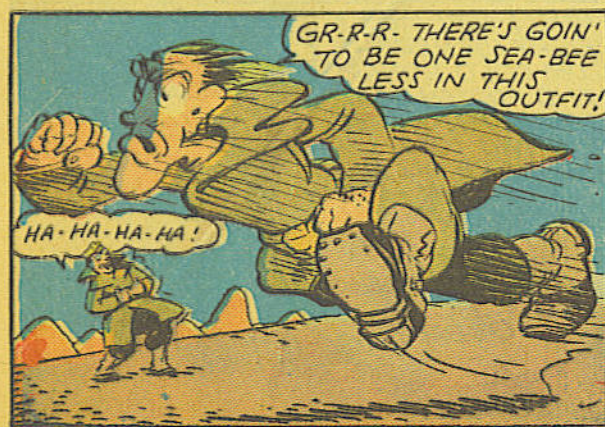
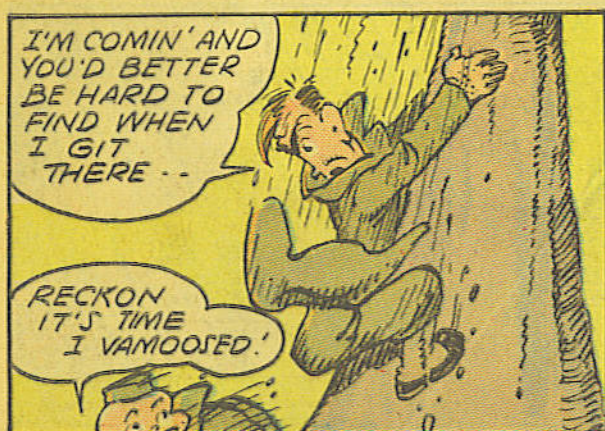


HELLO-O-O- UP THERE-
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

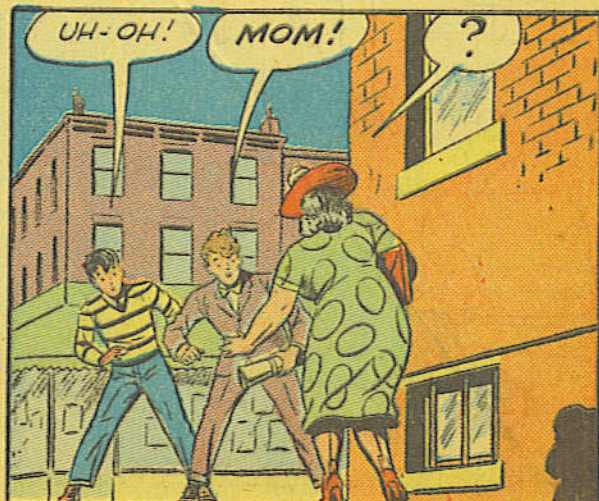
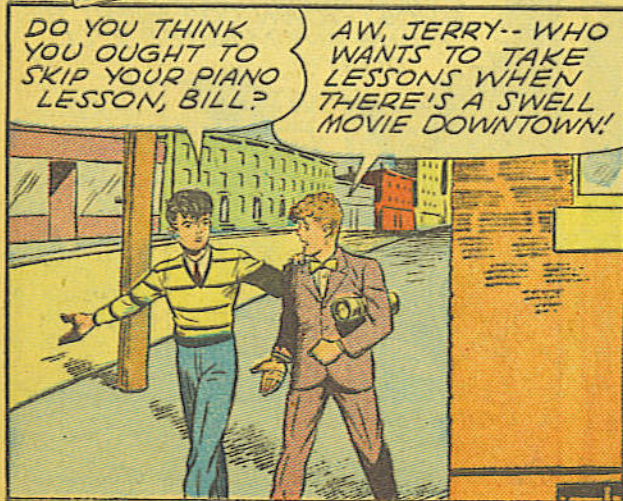
TELL HIM CHOW
IS READY, THAT'LL
BRING HIM
DOWN MUY-
PRONTO!



NANH I AIN'T ALL
RIGHT UP HERE -
I'M COLD, HUNGRY,
AND FROZEN TIGHT
TO THIS PIN-NICKEL.
YOU TWO LOBOS LEFT
ME HERE ALL NIGHT,
YOU BLANK-BLANK-
ETTY-BLANKS!
WAIT'LL I GIT
DOWN, I'M
GONNA WORK
YOU BOTH
OVER!

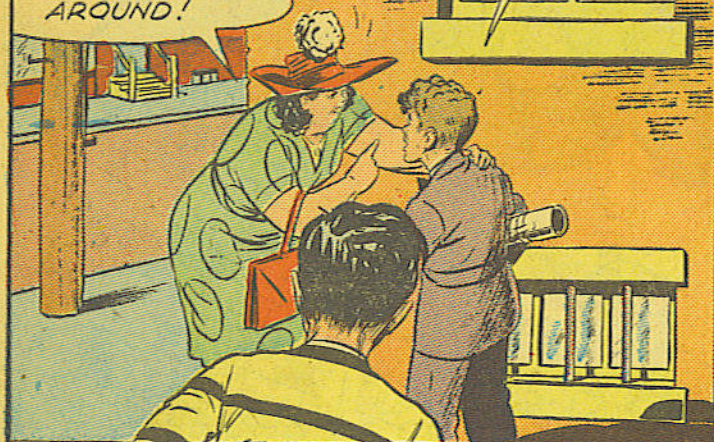


Sergeant Spook



BILL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING **HERE**? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT MISS PRINCE'S! NOW, YOU TURN RIGHT AROUND!

AW, MOM! I DON'T WANNA...



BILL! DO AS I TELL YOU! I'M SURE JERRY CAN MEET YOU AT MISS PRINCE'S IN AN HOUR! YOU COME ALONG, BILL!



MEANWHILE, A NATIVE OF GHOSTTOWN IS WANDERING ALONG THE STREETS TOO---

HUH! TO LISTEN TO THAT DEAD GANG BACK IN GHOST-TOWN, ANYBODY'D THINK WE'RE ALL WASHED UP AS COMPOSERS!

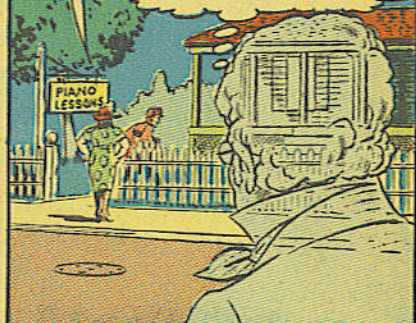


WHY IF I COULD FIGURE OUT A WAY TO WRITE THAT ZIPPY LITTLE TUNE I COOKED UP YESTERDAY---



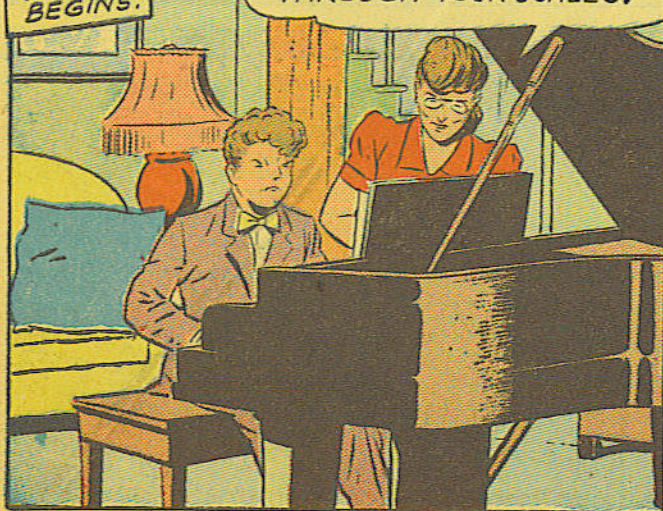
THE STUDENT AND THE MASTER MEET ---

I'M GOING TO STAND RIGHT HERE UNTIL YOU GET IN, BILL! HA! I WONDER IF THIS IS FATE!? NO-NO I MUSTN'T---

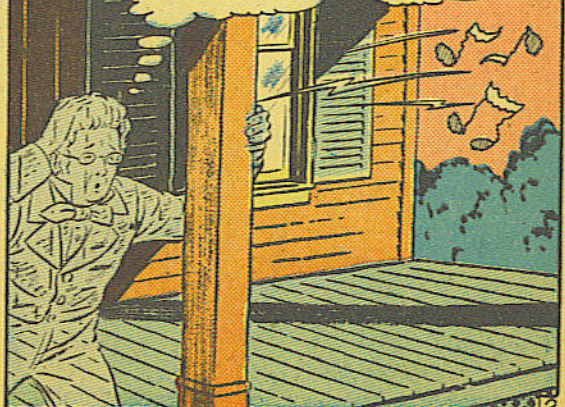


BILL'S LESSON BEGINS.

ALL RIGHT, BILL, RUN THROUGH YOUR SCALES!



OH-(GROAN)- HE'S AWFUL-STILL, I **COULD** USE HIM--- I MUST DECIDE QUICKLY. THAT GHOST-TOWN COP MIGHT BE ALONG ANY MINUTE! I'LL DO IT!



BILL! YOU'VE GOT TO PRACTICE EVERY DAY IF YOU EXPECT TO PLAY THE PIANO!

YES...

SHE'S RIGHT, MY BOY! PRACTICE IS VERY IMPORTANT!

- MISS PRINCE ...

BUT, THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT! I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE-- I WANT YOU TO HELP ME WRITE A LITTLE...

W-WHO ARE YOU?

COME, NOW! IT'S ONLY A LITTLE FAVOR-- WELL, DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING! AND TELL HER TO LEAVE THE ROOM! I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITH HER HERE!

ULP!

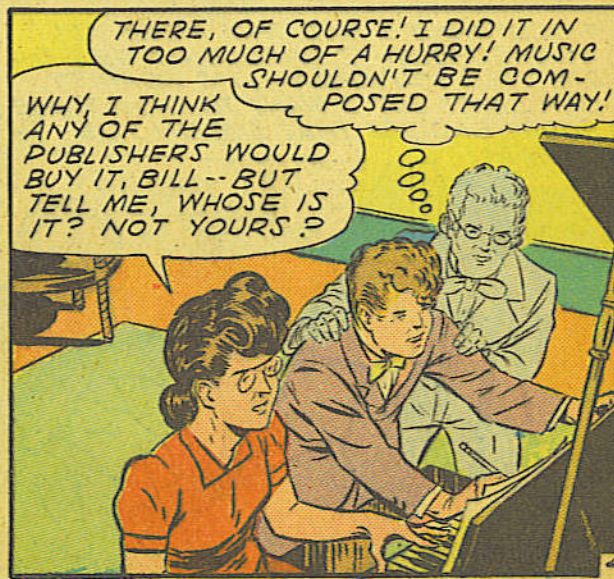
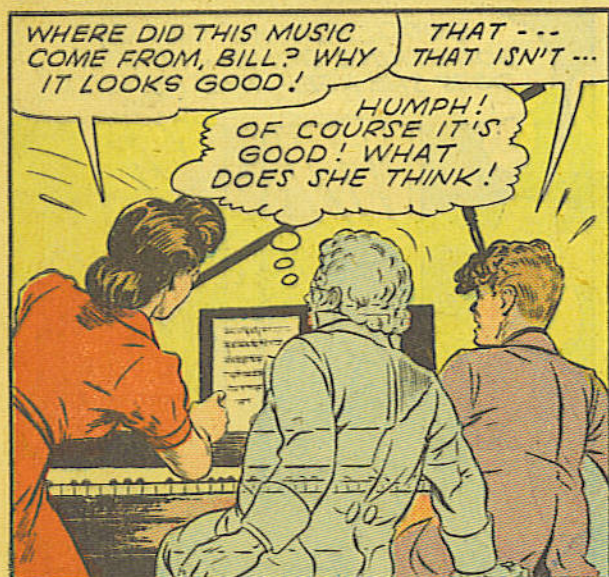
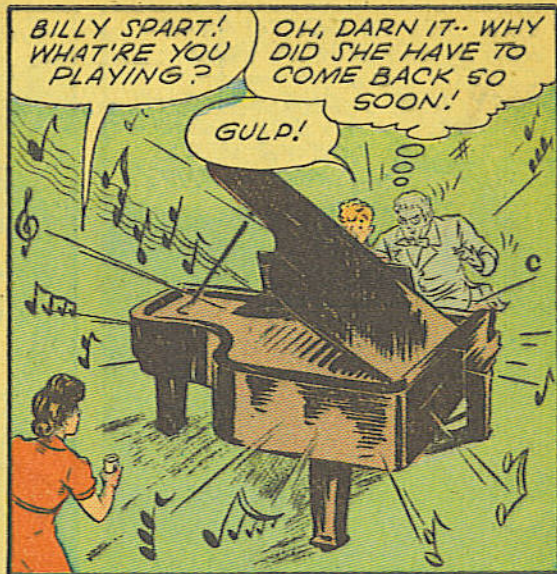
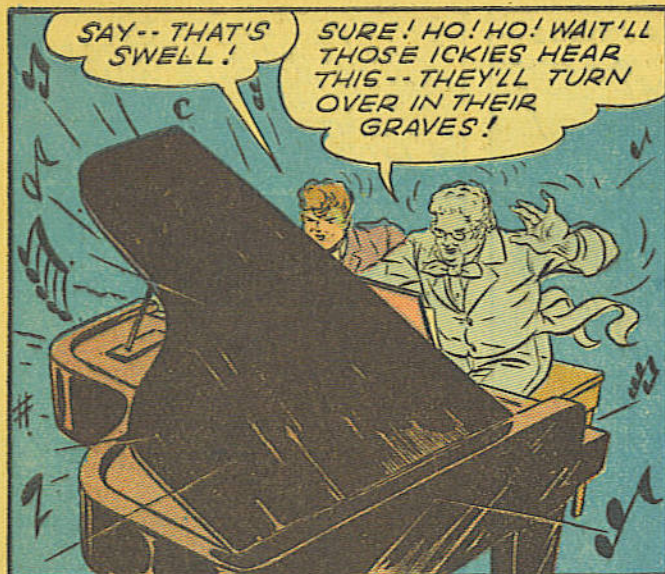
BILL! ARE YOU SICK? WAIT-- I'LL GET YOU SOME WATER!

GOOD! NOW WE CAN GET SOMETHING DONE-- WHERE DOES SHE KEEP THE PENCILS?

GOOD THING I HAD THIS PIECE ALL WORKED OUT-- I SHOULDN'T BE DOING THIS, YOU KNOW-- IT'S AGAINST OUR LAWS! BUT I WANT TO SHOW THESE FUDDY DUDDIES THAT I'M ON THE BEAM!

YOU DO?

YEP! LISTEN TO THIS NOW AND TELL ME IF IT ISN'T IN THE GROOVE!



WHO DID WRITE IT? SOME FRIEND OF YOURS? WHY DID YOU BRING IT TO ME?

GOSH, MISS PRINCE, NO! I DIDN'T HAVE IT WHEN I CAME... YOU SEE...



WHY, BILL! YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TELL ME THAT YOU WROTE THIS!



OH, GEE GOSH! NO! I.. WELL, YOU JUST WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU!



MEANWHILE, SPOOK AND JERRY HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR BILL TO FINISH HIS LESSON.

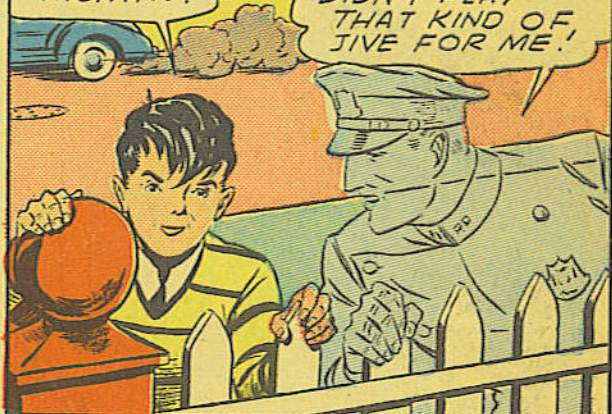
GOSH, SPOOK! SOUNDS LIKE A JAM SESSION IN THERE-- I DIDN'T KNOW BILL WAS LEARNING THAT KIND OF STUFF!

IF THAT WAS BILL, HE'S A PROFESSIONAL!



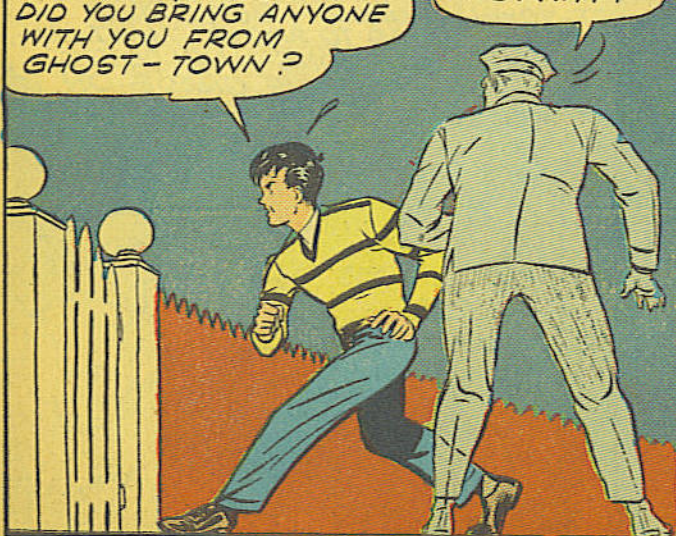
NO, I GUESS IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS TEACHER -- HE'S ONLY BEEN TAKING LESSONS FOR A COUPLE OF MONTHS!

SEEMS FUNNY -- WHEN I TOOK PIANO LESSONS, MY TEACHER DIDN'T PLAY THAT KIND OF JIVE FOR ME!



HUH!? SAY, SPOOK-- DID YOU BRING ANYONE WITH YOU FROM GHOST-TOWN?

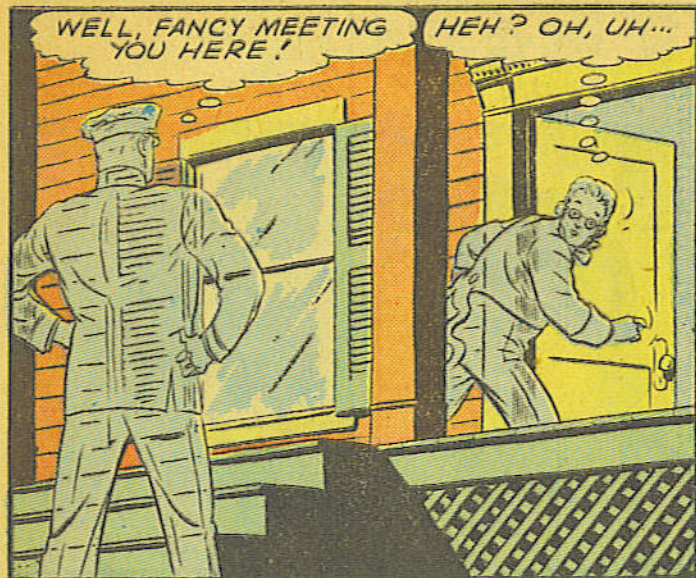
NO! WHY?



LOOK! UP THERE ON THE PORCH!

SHUBACH! NOW HOW DID HE GET OUT-- C'MON, JERRY, I SMELL TROUBLE!

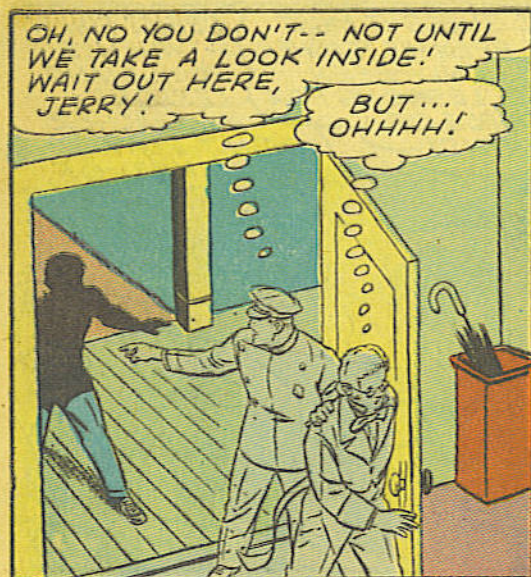




WELL, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!

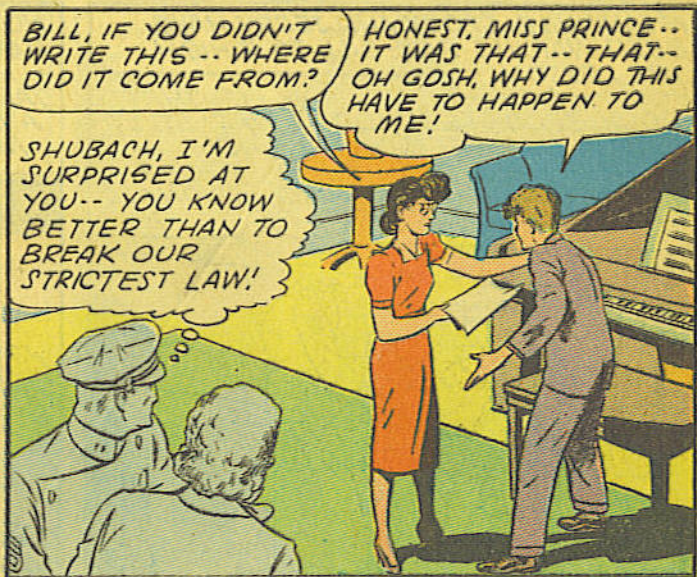
HEH? OH, UH...

WHY HELLO, SPOOK! I-- WAS TAKING A LITTLE STROLL AND SORT OF GOT OUT OF BOUNDS! WELL, I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO GHOST-TOWN, EH?



OH, NO YOU DON'T-- NOT UNTIL WE TAKE A LOOK INSIDE! WAIT OUT HERE, JERRY!

BUT... OHHHH!



BILL, IF YOU DIDN'T WRITE THIS -- WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

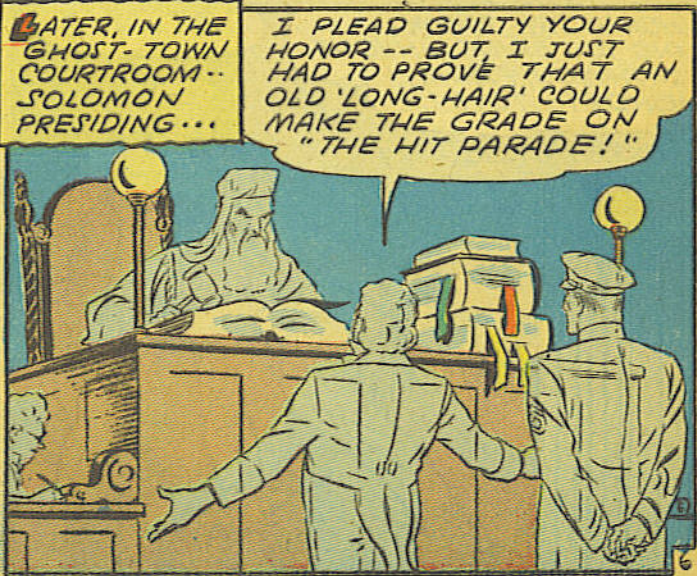
HONEST, MISS PRINCE.. IT WAS THAT -- THAT -- OH GOSH, WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME!

SHUBACH, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU-- YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO BREAK OUR STRICTEST LAW!



I SUPPOSE I'M UNDER ARREST EH, SPOOK? I GUESS I'VE REALLY GOTTEN THIS BOY INTO TROUBLE BUT YOU SEE --

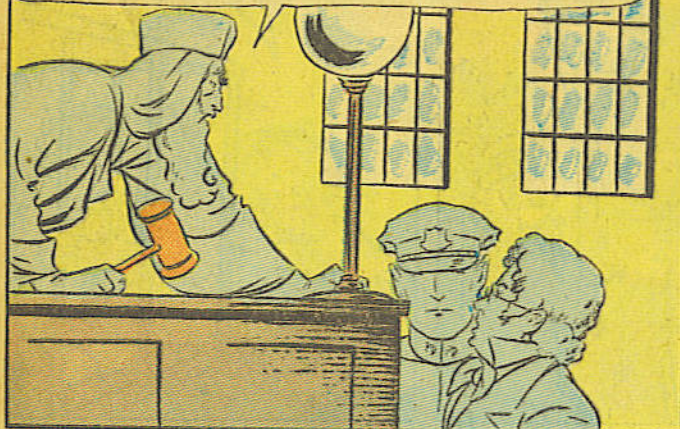
BETTER SAVE IT-- TELL IT TO THE JUDGE!



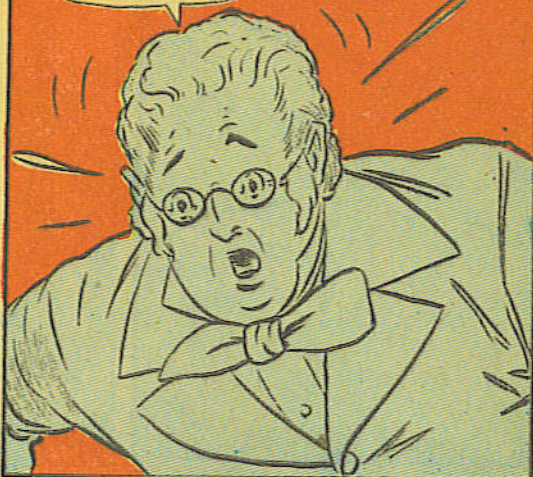
LATER, IN THE GHOST-TOWN COURTROOM -- SOLOMON PRESIDING...

I PLEAD GUILTY YOUR HONOR -- BUT, I JUST HAD TO PROVE THAT AN OLD 'LONG-HAIR' COULD MAKE THE GRADE ON "THE HIT PARADE!"

WELL, THE DAMAGE IS DONE, SCHUBACH! NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR SENTENCE WILL BE! AH-- I HAVE IT! WE WILL MAKE ALL ARRANGEMENTS SO YOU CAN TAKE OVER ONE HOUR OF PRACTICE FOR BILL EACH DAY!



PRACTICE?! A WHOLE HOUR EVERY DAY! OHHH!



MEANWHILE...

GEE GOSH, JERRY, YOU MEAN HE WAS A REAL GHOST? BUT...

IT'S NOTHING! SPOOK AND I GET TOGETHER ALL THE TIME! WE'RE PSYCHIC, THAT'S ALL! BUT DON'T WORRY, SPOOK'LL FIX EVERYTHING UP FOR YOU!



I'D RATHER NOT BE PSY-- PSY-- ABLE TO SEE GHOSTS! GOSH, I COULDN'T TELL MISS PRINCE WHO WROTE THAT-- SHE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!



HERE'S SPOOK NOW! -- HEY, SPOOK-- WHAT HAPPENED?

GOSH! THAT'S SWEET-- I HOPE!

HELLO, KIDS! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, BILL! YOU DON'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT PIANO LESSONS ANY MORE!

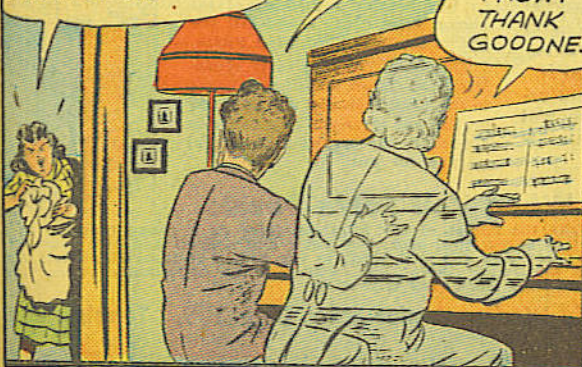


THREE WEEKS LATER...

BILL! STOP THAT RACKET! YOU'RE GIVING ME A HEADACHE! I'M GOING TO STOP YOUR LESSONS TODAY-- IT'S JUST A WASTE OF MONEY TO ---

GOSH, MOM, THAT'S GREAT! CAN I GO TO THE MOVIES THIS AFTERNOON WITH JERRY?

PHEW! THANK GOODNESS!

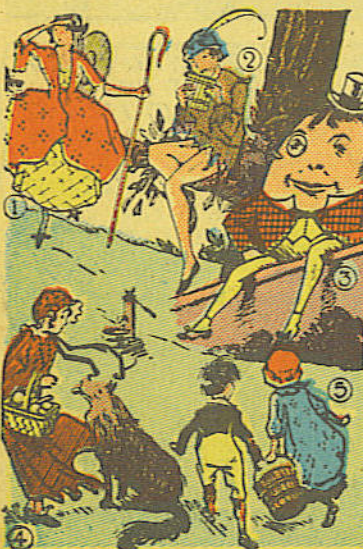
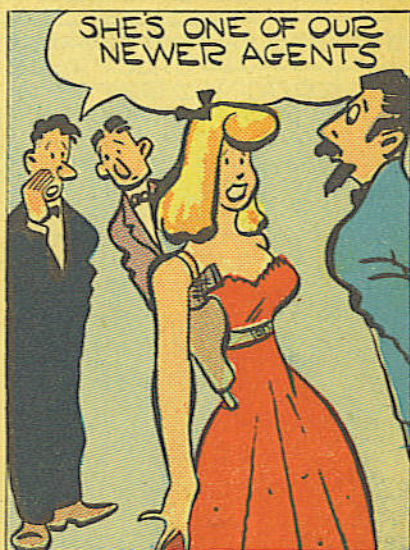
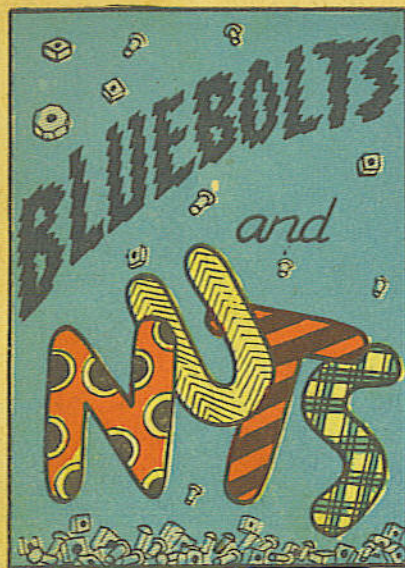


GOSH, MR. SHUBACH-- I'M SORT OF GLAD YOU CAME ALONG, NOW!

YES, EVERYTHING DID WORK OUT PRETTY WELL, DIDN'T IT? AND SAY, BILL-- DID YOU KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO PUT MY SONG ON THE "HIT PARADE" -- BUT FROM HERE ON, I'LL STICK CLOSE TO GHOST-TOWN -- I HATE TO PRACTICE!



SERGEANT SPOOK WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT!



Boys-Girls! Solve This Puzzle

It's Fun -- Try It!

In this picture are several fairyland characters. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters below and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the storybook folks. For example, the letters "RPTEEAPN" No 2 when placed in the right order, spell "PETER PAN". You will find him in the picture with his pipes playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOH
5. CAKJ NAD ILLJ

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

Send me the name of each character in this happy fairyland family and become a member of the Junior Sales Club. I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank FREE.

This bank contains tasty chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you.



When You Solve Puzzle

Write the names of the fairyland folks on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, then sign your name and address and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the names of these characters and joins my Junior Sales Club, will have an opportunity to get this bank FREE. Send your answer to:

Billy Wade, Junior Sales Club 209, Topeka, Kan.

ACTION - that's what counts!

BOYS! Here's your chance to get into action. Build and fly your own model of the fightingest plane in the world, the Lightning P-38. Mystify and thrill your friends with tricks of magic. The set illustrated contains 15 amazing tricks that you can learn in jig time. These are just two of many prizes you can get without cost as a Crowell Junior Salesman. Here's a chance to earn MONEY and PRIZES. Write me today. I'll start you by return mail and send you my PRIZE BOOK as well. Here's action! Here's fun!



WALLET AND EXTRA CHANGE PURSE. Genuine leather. Bill, check and card compartments. Identification pocket with isinglass window.



5-POWER SPYGLASS. Perfect for spotting planes, watching the stars and camping. Case included.



MAGIC SET. Amaze and mystify your friends. 15 great tricks. Learn in a jiffy. Lasts a lifetime. Write today.



FOOTBALL: Here's a real winner, Boys! Double laced with pebble-grain leather for fast passing. Let's go! Now!

BUILD A MODEL JEEP: A real Blitz Buggy. Kit complete in every detail. You assemble and camouflage it. Yours without cost, but write me today. Hurry!



GET THIS FLASHLIGHT
Just the thing for blackouts and camping. Every boy should own one.

Earn Money and Prizes

You'll be thrilled when you see my PRIZE BOOK. It's jam-packed with the things you have always wanted. Just think! You will have an opportunity to earn MONEY and PRIZES. How would you like to build a model of the world's most famous Blitz Buggy—the Jeep? You can. The kit is complete in every detail and it's a honey. Then there's the G-Man fingerprint set which is the real McCoy, and lots of other games. If you go in for sports you'll get a real thrill when you put your toe to the genuine pebble-grain leather football shown here. You can pick your own prizes—a wrist watch, athletic equipment, camping and fishing equipment. If you're looking for SPENDING MONEY, for PRIZES, for FUN and ACTION, here's the chance of a lifetime!

Here's How to Get Action

Fill out the coupon and mail to me on a penny post card. It's as easy as that! This is the first step to start you on the road to a bank account and all the prizes you want to earn. All you have to do is deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Be the first among your buddies to get into ACTION.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 5
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want action! Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Clip and mail the coupon on a penny post card or write direct to:
MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 5, THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

LET'S GO!

Be a commanding GENERAL! get in this fierce AIR WAR! HERE'S HOW—

Have your own
PLANES • AIR FIELD • HANGAR • "GAS"
TRUCKS • GROUND SEARCHLIGHTS
"BLOCK BUSTERS"

FREE—

with this amazing
offer—

Blast enemy
ships from the skies
with this ack-ack
gun: shoots real pellets,
automatically fed like
a machine gun, yet
absolutely harmless.
It's yours free with
this offer.

THE ALLIED
ack-ack
GUN THAT
REALLY
SHOOTS!



- A Complete Air Force To Command!**
1. FLYING FORTRESS
17" wing spread, 4 motors.
 2. TRANSPORT PLANE
16" wing spread, 4 motors; known as the "flying freighter".
 3. LOCKHEED LIGHTNING Fighter, 17" wing spread, 2 motors. High altitude.
 4. DRAGON FIGHTER
12" wing, 2 motors.
 5. AIRACOBRA fighter
12" wing spread, Famous cannon plane.
 6. 2 SEARCHLIGHTS
 7. 2 BOMB RACKS
 8. 2 "block busters" in each.
 9. 2 small SEARCHLIGHTS
 10. 1 spacious HANGAR
 11. Hi-octane GASOLINE TRUCK
 12. 1 Ground LIGHT
 13. 1 AIRFIELD with runways, etc.
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